

Children's Newspaper, July 13, 1935

A Splendid Souvenir of
the Jubilee—See page 12

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 851

Week Ending
JULY 13, 1935

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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IN A GLOBE OF THE WORLD

See
Below

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE EARTH THE WONDERFUL GLOBE

On the Bridge in the Great
Mapparium at Boston

BRIGHT NEW WORLD

While we in this country are still asking in vain for a Planetarium, Boston, in America, has a marvellous new scientific toy, a mapparium built by Chester Lindsay Churchill of New York.

This unique construction is a colossal glass globe of the world, and its name means "a place for a map." The visitor enters to find himself on a glass bridge crossing the *inside* of the globe.

Around him are glowing colours, produced by the light entering the globe from outside. As he begins to pick out various countries he is surprised to learn that the land surfaces are not raised and the valleys are not sunk in the glass, but the effects are all achieved by colour and light on a smooth surface.

An Electric Clock

Does the visitor look up, he sees the North Polar Star shining above his head. Beneath his feet lie the Weddell Sea and the Antarctic. At eye-level is an electric clock running all along the Equator and showing the hour in any part of the world.

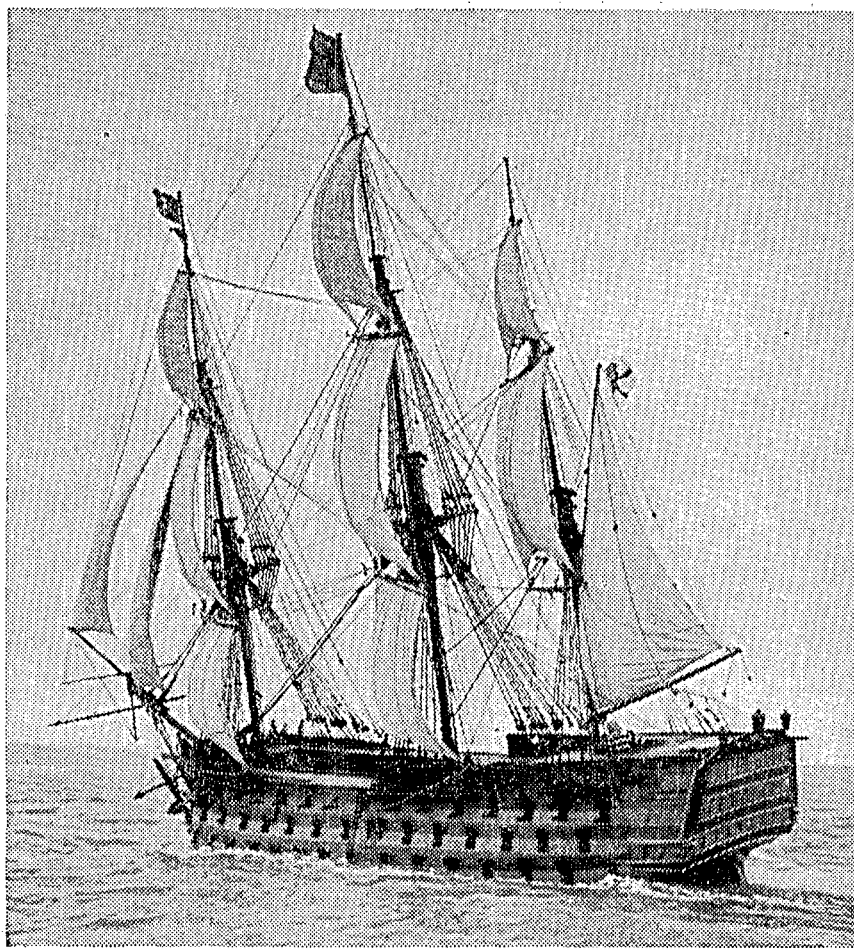
The curvature of the glass is geographically correct, corresponding to that of the Earth. More than 600 sections of glass were cast, painted, fired in a kiln, and fitted into place in a bronze frame which represents the lines of latitude and longitude, ten degrees apart. The scale is about 22 miles to an inch, the diameter of the globe being 30 feet.

The visitor finds himself continually discovering points which ordinary maps had not made clear to him. Perhaps he already knew that Madrid is almost on a line with New York, but did not realise that the same invisible line goes on through Naples, Constantinople, and Jehol. Such discoveries multiply as the map is more thoroughly examined, and it has been found that observers are loth to leave the bridge inside this fascinating globe.

No Country Looks Foreign

Some are impressed by the genius which has made possible so accurate a reproduction of our planet; some realise for the first time how their own country compares with the rest of the world, or what a large proportion of water there is on the face of the Earth; others are struck by the artificiality of frontiers. In the glowing mapparium no country looks foreign; it is possible to grasp the idea of the unity of the globe. It seems that this new triumph in the field of physical geography holds out a hand to help mental geography, the science of understanding the ways and minds of other people.

Victory and Golden Hind



A 50-foot model of Nelson's flagship, which has been visiting South Coast towns in connection with Portsmouth Navy Week.



This half-scale model of Drake's Golden Hind is expected at Torquay this week-end. She will also be seen during Navy Week at Plymouth next month.

MEN WANTED

VAIN CRY FOR SKILLED WORKERS

The Chickens of Neglect Come
Home To Roost

PITIFUL SIDE OF THE RECOVERY

It is a tragic thing to have to record that the result of the neglect of our opportunities is beginning to assert itself just when the tide is turning toward recovery.

In the windows of many of the Ministry of Labour's official Employment Exchanges we now see such rare notices as *Bricklayers Wanted*.

In Building and Engineering

Although the Exchanges have on their books over 2,000,000 unemployed there is a pronounced lack of skilled labour in a number of important trades.

Every builder knows how difficult it now is to secure competent bricklayers, and a large number of incompetent ones have necessarily to be employed. The shortage of plasterers is also pronounced in many places.

The housing drive will accentuate these problems of the building trade.

The Ministry of Labour has now published a list of districts in which there are such shortages of skilled men. It shows that in Engineering, as in Building, many industrial centres are short of the right kind of labour, even while there are so many unskilled workers out of work and not wanted. All-important branches such as moulding, welding, and riveting are said to be understaffed.

The Turn of the Tide

Undoubtedly we are experiencing a turn in the tide of fortune, but the tide will not wait. The increased demand for work reveals a weakness in the labour front. Too many young men have been allowed, in the recent years of slackness, to drift untaught and unskilled, to get their living haphazard, while non-productive occupations have offered commissions for selling at street-doors.

It is now 21 years since the war began. Skilled men who were 50 years old when it ended are now 67. Boys who were 20 then, left untrained, are now unskilled men of 37. In half a generation, ageing skilled men have passed from work and there has been no proper succession of craftsmen. It is sad to hear an ageing bricklayer, a good man of his fine calling, comment on the sort of man who too often succeeds him, who has had no apprenticeship, and who has "stolen his trade," not learned it.

It is clear that the nation sadly needs the revival and reform of apprenticeship, the liberal endowment of technical schools and classes, the training of the unemployed, and the full application of the Continuation School system.

THE RISING WILL FOR PEACE

IT IS IN THE AIR

A Round of Great National
Meetings in London

NO MORE WAR

Peace, the study of Peace, the will to Peace, are in the air.

Lord Cecil began it with the great meeting in the Albert Hall, declaring this country's overwhelming majority in favour of Peace and the League, the avowed policy of the Government. Before the hands of the clock had made a full round Lord Cecil was greeting the delegates of 350 organisations from all over the country at the National Peace Congress.

Here, for five days, these hundreds of people studied closely and seriously the problems that stand in the way of peace and the best ways to meet them.

Three Thoughts

Mr Arthur Henderson reported on the somnolent Disarmament Conference and the chance of renewing its vigour. The cases of China, Japan, and Russia were put by experts from each of those countries; the relation of our Imperial policies—past, present, and future—to the peace of the world were examined inside and out.

Through it all three thoughts came out again and again:

Peace is indivisible.

Without justice there is no Peace.

Economic reorganisation is a vital necessity of Peace.

A Peace Service at St Martin-in-the-Fields, addressed by that undaunted worker for better international relations Sir Evelyn Wrench on the Sunday, was followed by a Peace Rally in Trafalgar Square, where as motley a throng as ever was seen came together on the basis of their great common interest in Peace. In the political field the first days of July were devoted to a Congress on Reconstruction and Peace, followed by the General Council of the League of Nations Union.

Rising Wave of Public Opinion

A great wave of public opinion is undoubtedly rising, rising; and at the same time it is informing itself soundly.

As a background to this activity an Anti-War Exhibition in Friends House has shown in eight sections what led up to the last war and the war preparations today; the war-time mind and the war propaganda now going on; the horrors of the last war and the technique of the next one; what followed the World War and the efforts being made all over the world to prevent anything of the sort being repeated.

After reviewing the activity in London during the last few weeks we believe that our people are becoming thoroughly aroused to the danger and thoroughly determined that *there shall be no more war.*

Chinese Ambassador Speaks

One thing we may record among the speeches at the National Peace Congress; it is this extract from the speech of the Chinese Ambassador:

It is only the principle of the good neighbour, in feeling and thought as well as in principle, that can save the world.

Armed peace is not peace at all. Security so secured is insecure. The Great Wall of China was an attempt at exclusion that seems moderate and agreeable in spirit in comparison with the new walls of quotas and tariffs that shut off one nation from another today. It at least had the excuse that it was needed to shut out barbarians.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO SAFETY

Ask the Policeman

LONDON COPIES A GOOD IDEA

It is said that in Sunderland the children are safer in the streets than in any other town, and Sunderland people think it is because of the policeman.

The traffic policeman goes to the schools to tell the children about Safety. First, and how, and why. They listen to and remember what he says as they would listen to no one else. To them he is the embodiment of kindly wisdom.

We are therefore glad to see that the Education Committee of the LCC has recommended the acceptance of an offer by the Commissioner of Police to send selected officers of the traffic patrol to visit elementary schools and talk on the subject. We hope the visits will not be made too formal. They should be the occasion of talks by the policeman to the children, just that, and no more.

A Familiar Friend

We may be sure the children will attend, for to them the blue-uniformed figure, preferably with his helmet on, is a familiar friend. In less free and happy countries the policeman may be a figure of awe or of fear, but not so here, and least of all in London, where we know no prettier sight than one meeting our eyes every morning in a busy street, where the policeman stands by a crossing at the school hour and the children trot up to him in twos and threes, holding up their hands to be led across to school.

We think the London policeman and the London children come closer together than any other people in the community. They understand one another; they like one another.

The child knows well enough that his big friend is there to make life pleasanter and easier for all of us.

IN FOUR WARS

A Friend of Florence
Nightingale

Mother Minerva, as Americans call her, has celebrated her 103rd birthday.

Really she is Mrs Minerva Hartmann, and she lives in Minerva Fort on a rocky height near San Francisco. Here she earns her living by needlework and crochet, remembering and remembered for the days of long ago when she was Florence Nightingale's friend and disciple.

Although she did not serve in the Crimea, Mother Minerva nursed soldiers through the American Civil War, the Red Indian War, the Spanish-American War of 1898, and the insurrection in the Philippines.

TOO MANY BOYS WORKING

To raise the School Leaving Age is increasingly the aim of thoughtful people.

The new Governor-General of Canada, John Buchan, who is now Lord Tweedsmuir, reminds us that 100,000 more children are at work than was the case a year ago.

There is a great industrial call for juveniles because they are cheap, and especially a call for girls.

The immediate ideal in view, as the C.N. has often pointed out, is to check the flow of very young people into industry by raising the school age and continuing education in well-equipped Continuation Schools until 17 or 18.

Many men have lost work because of the too free supply of boys at a time when industry is expanding.

THESE ENGLISH

A Link of Three
Generations Broken

THE COLONEL WHO DID THINGS

When Colonel English was 71 he offered his knowledge to the Navy at the outbreak of the war.

In the Navy at that time was another English, his grandson, whose father was also in the front line. Three generations of the English were serving at the same time.

That was 21 years ago, and now Colonel English has passed away to rest from his labours. They were many and various. He seemed to have been working and inventing all his life. As a young officer in the Royal Engineers he invented new forms of armourplate and made designs for coast defence.

Then he turned his attention to borings for under-water tunnels, beginning with those for the old Channel Tunnel at Dover and continuing with work for deepening the Clyde.

He was lent to St Paul's Cathedral for raising Great Paul into its position in the belfry. He was responsible for the construction and rolling-stock of the Suakin-Sudan railway and for getting the locomotives off the ships.

Leaving the Army, he first turned his attention to torpedo vessels and destroyers at Jarrow and then joined as a geologist in the world search for petroleum, travelling in Rumania, Turkey, and Galicia. As an offshoot of this work he discovered a coalfield.

HEROISM UP ALOFT

The Men Who Saved Their
Records

KNOWLEDGE OVER ALL

A remarkable chapter of heroism comes in the news from Russia.

When the Russian balloon in search of the stratosphere had ascended nine miles the envelope was torn and the three passengers were in peril.

They might reasonably have thought of their own safety first, but that is not the spirit in which science wins its victories. They thought first of the safety of their instruments.

The precautions they took to prevent their destruction were extraordinary.

They decided to descend by parachute so that, their weight being removed, the gondola should come more lightly to earth. The first professor jumped from a height of 10,000 feet, the second passenger stepped out at 7500 feet, and the commander, who left last, before releasing his parachute, climbed to the top of the gondola at 6000 feet to deposit the instruments where they would be in the least danger.

All three men came to earth safely and were rewarded by finding their instruments as safe as themselves.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

The Friendliness of the
Common People

By the Lord Mayor of Dublin

This is from a speech made in Liverpool by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and President of the Free State Chambers of Commerce.

I feel that the differences existing between our country and this country have been brought about by the politicians on both sides and not by the common people.

There are no reasons why these differences should not be removed and greater friendship established.

In Ireland we produce things you do not produce, and we are prepared to talk at any time on an equal basis about exchange. A short time ago there was an exchange of coal for cattle. I understand that as a result some thousands of coalminers found decent employment.

BIG FORTUNES CUT UP

WHAT MR ROOSEVELT
WANTS TO DO

Extraordinary Taxes on
Very Rich Estates

WHAT INHERITORS WILL PAY

President Roosevelt's plan to redistribute wealth by heavy taxation has taken shape.

As we have explained, he is following our own plan of levying duties on the inheritors of an estate as well as taxing the bulk of it. Thus the estate is taxed twice, first as a whole and second in the hands of those who inherit it.

Already the Government taxes estates on a graduated scale, ranging up to 60 per cent on very big ones. Now a graduated scale is applied to inheritances.

The scale starts high. No inheritance up to £60,000 is taxed at all. An inheritance of £100,000 is to pay 7 per cent, or only £7,000. £200,000 is to pay 20 per cent, and then the scale rises rapidly. An inheritance of £800,000 is to pay half to the State, and if a man is left £1,000,000 he has to hand over £600,000. The biggest tax is at £1,400,000 or over, when the rate is 75 per cent. Thus an inheritance of £2,000,000 has to pay £1,500,000.

Gifts of Property

Such heavy inheritance duties, added to ordinary estate duties, are expected to lead to great gifts of property during life, and so Gift Taxes are to amount to three-fourths of inheritance rates.

This means that a man who anticipates his death by giving away property saves considerable sums for his heirs.

A millionaire has, say, a fortune of £2,000,000. As things are, death duty takes about £880,000, so that the millionaire has £1,120,000 to bequeath. His heir thus inherits £1,120,000, but on this he will be charged, under the new scheme, Inheritance Duty of 75 per cent, which takes another £840,000. The son will thus get only £280,000 of the £2,000,000 left by his father.

Senator Huey Long is so delighted with the new tax proposals that he promises hearty support to the President.

AIR PROFITS

A Committee To Check Them

The Government's decision, approved by Parliament, greatly to increase our Air Force makes a large amount of work for engineers, constructors, and others.

This has led to a boom in aircraft shares, based on the belief that huge extra profits will be made.

The Government has wisely decided that the public interest must be carefully watched in regard to the prices to be paid for aircraft supplies, and a strong committee has been set up to deal with the matter.

THINGS SAID

I wish Kent and all who live in it prosperity and happiness. Duke of Kent

The Jubilee has materially helped forward national recovery. Lord Iliffe

The language of the gutter does not add to the dignity of the screen.

Secretary of Film Censor Board

I consider that the cumulative effect of the horror film is highly undesirable.

The Film Censor

When I was 16 I was more staid and serious than I have ever been since.

Archbishop of Canterbury

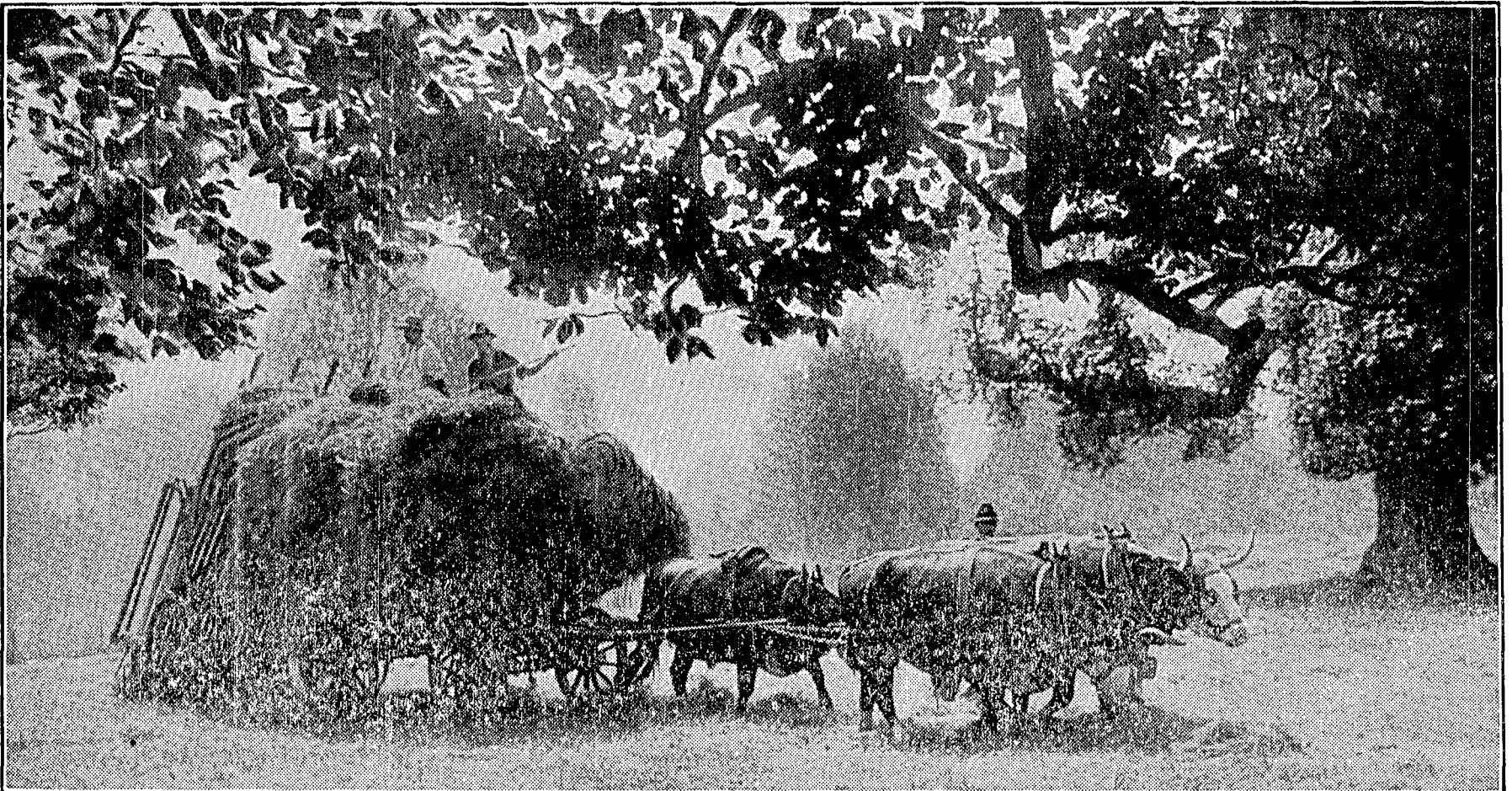
The Dean walked into our little flat last night, just back from Denmark, travelling third class both ways.

From our Postbag

A WALK IN THE PENNINES · HAYMAKING WITH A TEAM OF OXEN



On a Yorkshire Fell—Rover Scouts from Kelghley crossing Kilnsey Crag in Wharfedale



In Gloucestershire Meadows—Haymaking with a team of oxen in Cirencester Park, the Earl of Bathurst's estate

A HAPPIER JULY MILLIONS TO GET BETTER PAY

Salary Cuts of Hard Times
Restored By the Government

AGREED HIGHER WAGES FOR MANY WORKERS

July happily marks the payment of bigger wages to millions of our people.

For one thing, on July 1 the restoration of the 1931 National Government's economy cuts in salary and wage took effect. This means the payment of restored salaries to Judges, Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament, and 300,000 Civil Servants and teachers, and of restored wages to soldiers, sailors, air pilots, policemen, and postmen. Pay was also restored to doctors and chemists working under the National Insurance Act.

Altogether the Government will in this way pay out several millions more this year than in 1934, and so this large body of State employees, by their additional spending, will help to turn the wheels of trade.

Wages Up

It is also hoped that 1935 will mark an increase of wage-rates for millions of people.

This month witnesses the payment of agreed increased wages in the building, engineering, and transport trades which will benefit over 1,500,000 workers, nearly all of them men, and many of them fathers of families.

Building workers have secured increased pay ranging up to 2s a week. This will raise the cost of houses, but it will tell at the shops.

In transport, London road drivers, with assistants and stablemen, will similarly benefit.

The engineers throughout the country will have an agreed extra shilling, which by no means satisfies a trade which has been unsheltered during the depression. Our engineers have had a hard time.

A general upward movement, following these examples, may be expected, and the increase will make a larger home market and give a fresh stimulus to trade generally.

FLYING BY ROCKET A Wild Dream Going On

By a Scientific Correspondent

However dangerous and fantastic it may seem to fly in a rocket, the work of improving rocket flight goes steadily on in every big engineering country.

The ideal passage of a rocket would be through the space above the atmosphere, where there is no air and nothing therefore for the rocket to fly through. The ship's propellers force away the water, the propellers of the aeroplane force away the air, but in interplanetary space there is no air, no medium for propellers to drive against.

But now comes the new discovery that, with no air at all, a series of rapid explosions (or "Kicks") will still drive a rocket forward, so that it can travel through space devoid of any atmosphere, however rare. The burning of the fuel, which makes the successive explosions, is made possible by mixing oxygen with it, liquid oxygen being carried in sufficient quantities for the trip. The burning gases are passed through holes in a rapidly spinning disc, and shoot out in a series of puffs about 600 a second, jerking the rocket forward in what would appear to a passenger a smooth continuous motion.

It is proposed that school areas should be danger zones for cars.

There are still 268 dependants of the Titanic disaster of 1912, and the relief fund today amounts to £320,731.

VILLAGE PICTURES OUT-OF-DOORS

Donald Maxwell's Tiles
AN IDEA FOR OUR CHURCHES

Everybody knows Mr Donald Maxwell and the fine little sketches with which he illustrates his wonderful explorings of our countryside.

All Kent people know of Mr Maxwell's fine idea of putting his pictures in permanent colour on tiles that will endure sun and wind and rain and any English weather. He is hoping to do one for every Kent village. Already Mr Maxwell has produced a few dozens of these tiles, and we have seen them and can declare that they are charming.

We should like to see the Kent County Council set out a space somewhere



PARISH	1921	1901	KEMSING	1921	1901
POPULATION	715	715	POPULATION	402	402
Population of 1921	715	715	Population of 1921	402	402
Male	357	357	Male	201	201
Female	358	358	Female	201	201
Male	357	357	Male	201	201
Female	358	358	Female	201	201
Male	357	357	Male	201	201
Female	358	358	Female	201	201

The Kemsing Tiles

(perhaps in the fine Mote Park at Maidstone) to make up a picture map of Kent in these wonderful tiles, each one in its place.

In the meantime another idea has come to one of Kent's best friends, Sir Mark Collet, who has taken four tiles for Kemsing (two of them specially made for him by Mr Maxwell) and set them with two other characteristic tiles of Kent in the wall of Kemsing Church. With the pictures are some of the vital facts about Kemsing, here put on record for posterity; they show the changes in population and cultivation from 1921 to 1934.

It seems to us an admirable thing to do, and we should like to see the idea widely copied.

THE HOLIDAY FUNDS The Post Office Will Help You With Them

£5 WHEREVER YOU ARE

Money to spend on the holidays has long been a problem for old and young in more ways than one, and until recent years the methods of secreting it on the journey resembled the precautions of the days when highwaymen infested our countryside.

The banks have solved the problem by a network of small branches, by traveller's cheques, and so on, but even their facilities have not always been used to the full. We know a retired manager of one of the big City banks who always took his gold in a wallet hung round his neck, and we remember his relief when paper took the place of gold!

The younger generation acts more wisely, as the experience of the Post Office with its Traveller's Warrants has shown. Introduced only two years ago in values of £3, cashable at any post office, these useful forms are in future to be issued in values of £5, and anyone with a sufficient balance in his bank book can obtain a series of six.

That is to say, we can now draw £5 wherever we happen to be—if we have it!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Hunan	Hoo-nahn
Sisal	Se-sahl
Snakin	Swah-kin
Viviparous	Vv-vip-ah-rus

STOR PO AND THE LOGS

Grand Old Man of the
Lumber Jacks

Johannes Polin, better known as Stor Po, the grand old man of Swedish lumber jacks, is no more with us.

Although he was 80 when he died, it was only a few months ago that he gave an exhibition of log-riding which few younger men could equal. He was known throughout the Swedish lumber areas as the best man to call on when the great logs floating down a river became jammed, and the most skilful acrobat on floating logs.

He always insisted on doing his dangerous work alone. He seemed to know by instinct which log had to be dislodged in order to set the whole lot moving again, and with one blow of his axe he would break that log loose from whatever obstacle in the river was holding it up, and then would jump quickly to safety before the whole mass of timber was on the move again.

Once, when he had loosened a jam, he was not able to reach the bank in time, and, crouching down in a crevice of a rock, he waited there while the logs hurtled past him and over his head.

LORD MAYOR OF THE CAMP

One hundred and twenty youths are chosen every week from the mining valleys of South Wales for a week's holiday at St Athan's Camp. Over 20,000 boys have had a week's holiday since the camp started.

The camp overlooks the Bristol Channel and the Exmoor hills can be seen in the distance. Here hundreds of boys have seen the sea and England for the first time.

Every week the miners choose an old miner to be Lord Mayor of the Camp, and for that week he has a nice cottage, and rules over the boys. This is the first holiday some of these old miners have ever had.

Captain J. Glynn Jones, director of the camp, who won the Military Cross in the war, is at present building a museum of war horrors to convince the boys of the folly of war. In memory of the heroes of the last war a lamp burns in the camp day and night.

THE STORY OF 25 BOYS

Belgrade has come upon a bitter reminder of the heroism of some of her children during the Great War.

The skeletons of 25 young boys have been unearthed by workmen digging in one of the city's old fortresses.

They are all that remain of a band of children whose courage was that of grown men and whose brave act lost none of its glory because it was doomed to failure.

In 1914 the Austrian Army was marching on Belgrade. All the men had already gone to the war. The way lay open to the enemy. Then 25 schoolboys (all about 12 years old) volunteered to do their best to defend their city, and the gallant little force marched out to meet the foe.

Nothing more was ever heard of them, and now they are to have the tribute of a ceremonial burial in the military cemetery, the only recompense Belgrade can offer to their memory.

HALF A NATION'S INCOME

According to her new Budget, Japan's expenditure on her Army, Navy, and Air Force now reaches nearly half her Imperial Revenue.

The total is about £220,000,000, and the Admiralty and War Department call for £102,000,000.

We have to relate these figures to the incomes of the Japanese, which are very small. Japan contends that she is making investment for her people by obtaining colonies, materials, and markets for them.

SMELLS FOR ALL A New Society For Them COULD IT HAVE SAVED THE MUSK?

There is public work before the Smell Society if ever it is formed.

There ought to be no difficulty about membership, for practically everybody is a smeller by compulsion if not by choice. The obstacle will be in persuading the public that the society would ever be of any use, because it might be said of smells, as Mark Twain said of the weather, that everybody talks about them and nobody does anything.

But what can be done about some smells? There may be a distinct smell of London; there is certainly a distinct smell of the East End of it, in which the odour of the fried fish shop plays a part; and there are smells of Covent Garden, Smithfield, Billingsgate, and even of some London streets so convincing that if a Londoner were set down blindfolded among them he would be able to recognise the locality.

A Black List of Smells

Then, again, one man's smell is another man's poison. There are some who, as the organiser of the Smell Society remarks, like the smell compounded of smoke, steam, oil, soot, and miscellaneous luggage which brings to mind the railway terminus and the pleasure of getting away from it.

A beginning might be made by drawing up a Black List of the smells we put up with because we must, but do not suffer gladly. There are the stinking heavy-oil lorries which trundle along the roads every day, and the hardly less abominable stench of smoky exhausts. There are the gasworks, especially those about which residential neighbourhoods have grown; there are candleworks and tanneries; some brick works; and some indiarubber tyre works which are abominations. There is a chemical works by the side of a London public park whose fumes keep people awake at nights. There are power stations and scores of London chimney-stacks whose fumes and smoke can be smelled a mile away.

A White List of Smells

We have found by experience that efforts to suppress or mitigate these smells are nearly hopeless, and receive very little assistance from public authorities.

This is the dark side of the smell. The society which aims at dealing with it hopes also to cultivate a higher public sense of the value of the sweet smells. A White List might be drawn up of some of them. There is the smell of good food and the smell of the garden, the country smells of wood fires, new-mown grass, honeysuckle, and roses.

We sometimes think that if the smell of flowers had been rightly appreciated the cottager's musk would never have been allowed to die out among us. Could the Smell Society have saved it, we wonder? It might have done.

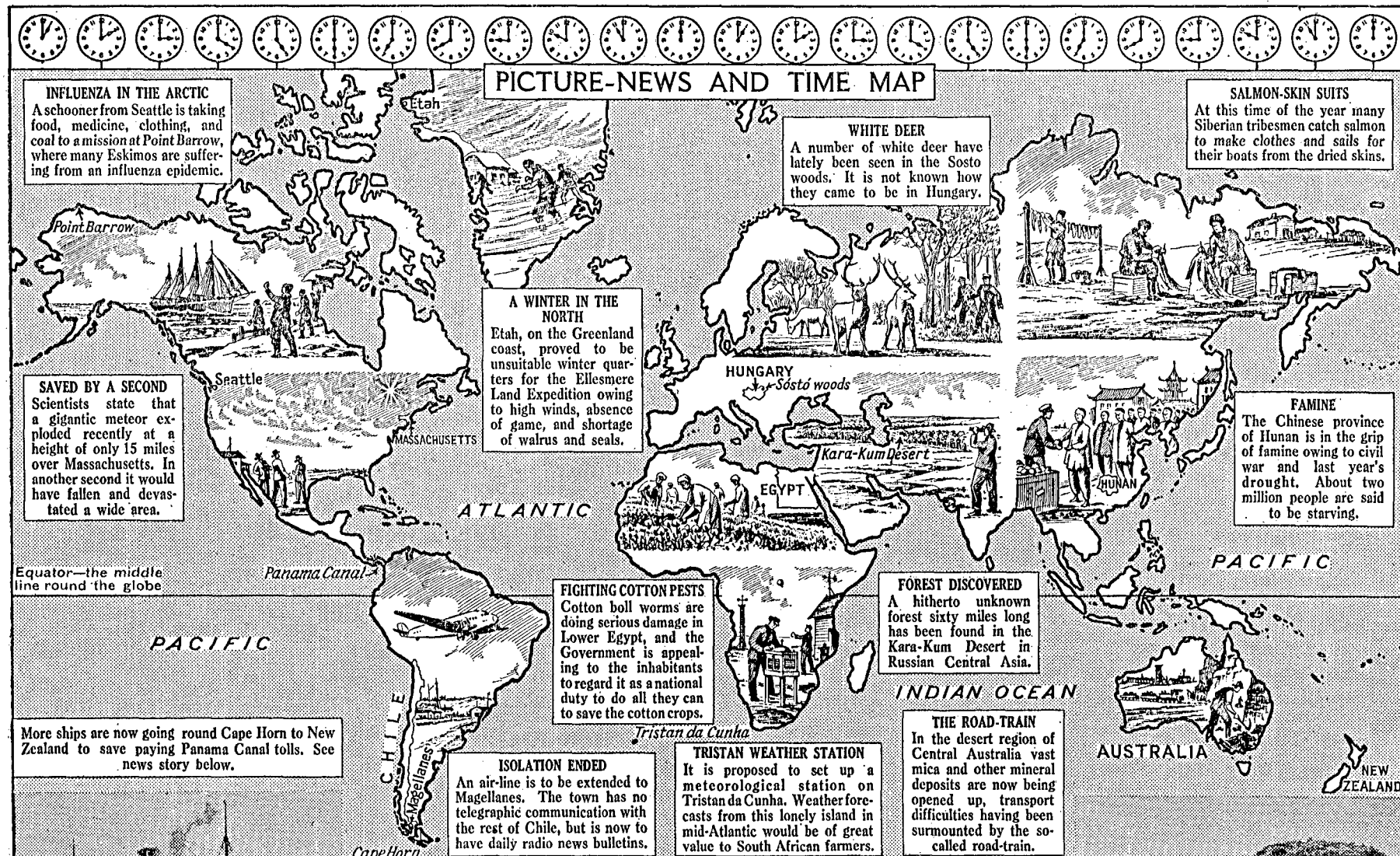
TEN MILES UP Kew's Balloons

An ingenious method of snatching its secrets from the air ten miles above us is being adopted at Kew.

Balloons are sent up to a height of ten miles, when they burst and release a vacuum flask. The vacuum flask automatically opens and closes with the result that when it reaches the Earth it has carried there a specimen of the air at a very high altitude.

These balloons are being sent up into thunder clouds, and they are also expected to solve one of the riddles associated with that rare gas, helium.

The graves of three slaves have been found on a roadway between Rome and the sea.



ROUND BY CAPE HORN The Cheaper Way Across the World

We hear that more and more British cargo ships are now travelling to and from New Zealand and Australia by the Cape Horn route.

Before the Panama Canal was opened most steamers bound from Britain to New Zealand travelled round Cape Horn, but the opening of the great canal dividing North America from South America established a short cut that reduced the time of the voyage by six days.

Nowadays some of the great fleet of cargo steamers are going back to the old route because the shipowners find it is better business to make the voyage a week longer and save the cost of the Panama Canal tolls.

The charge for a vessel of 9000 tons to pass through the Panama Canal is about £2000, whereas the cost of an additional week of voyaging round Cape Horn is only about £300. This means a saving of about £1700 a voyage, a very big consideration for the shipowners. But the passenger and mail vessels, to whom speed is the most important consideration, still prefer the short cut through the greatest of man-made ditches. See World Map

CHEERFUL NEWS

More heartening news is published about the recovery of British iron and steel. In 1932 half our iron and steelworkers were unemployed; now the idle are reduced to one in five.

Steel output in May rose to 853,000 tons, the highest figure since 1929. We bid fair to produce ten million tons a year.

In the first five months of this year we shipped abroad 15 per cent more iron and steel than last year.

KEEPING THE STREET AWAKE The Little Maid's Way

A grown-up reader has a curious tale to tell of a scientific invention turned to ill, if ingenious, account.

He was trying to read an article on a visit of some 2000 scientists to the National Physical Laboratory where were shown all the newest marvels for preventing noise in the home and streets.

He found it impossible to fix his attention owing to the fact that, although it was late at night, a loud-speaker in a house some distance away was roaring out a detestable jazz programme, filling the road and all its homes with a discreditable imitation of the organs at a country fair.

Science had not thought of sheltering the night from such an assault on silence as this, nor had Nature endowed the man with patience enough to endure the ordeal indefinitely; and so, braving the rain, he went out and traced the house from which the uproar issued, finding to his surprise that the disturbance came from a front room which, like the rest of the house, was in darkness.

For some time he knocked and rang, fearful that, with the noise continuing, some tragedy had befallen the occupants. At last a nervous little maid showed herself in a dressing-gown. Master and mistress were out, and she and a young boy were in charge. Before going to bed they had turned on the wireless to impress possible burglars!

A FAIRY TALE IN HYDE PARK

Hundreds of people went to Hyde Park the other day to see one of the jolliest Saturday entertainments ever given by the League of Arts.

It was the first public performance of the Golden Goose, set to music by Holst. Students from Morley College, where Holst taught for many years, took part in the ballet, orchestra, and choral singing. The bright colours of the medieval costumes made a gay scene in a setting of green trees with the blue Serpentine in the background.

THE RECHABITES IN THEIR 8000 TENTS 800,000 Strong

The Independent Order of Rechabites, which has been celebrating its centenary, met at the Belle Vue Gardens in Manchester, within three miles of the site of the coffee-tavern where just a hundred years ago eleven men met to form a friendly society away from a public-house.

The friendly societies already in existence were at that time anything but temperance affairs. The publicans were very glad of the friendliness but shy of the sober aspect of the new society. Like the Rechabites of the Bible, they dwell in tents—that is to say, they call their branches tents.

By 1842 their organisation was sufficiently widespread for them to hold their annual gathering in Edinburgh, but the Government of the day gave them a very cold shoulder, and it was not until 1854 that they were registered.

Consistently from the beginning the society has made total abstinence a condition of its work in all its branches, which now number 8000. The membership is about 800,000 and the funds are over £6,000,000. It distributes £1,000,000 a year.

WHERE THE CN IS WANTED

Many of our readers are thoughtful enough to pass on their CNs to hospitals and mission stations.

Better still, if you can afford it, is it to subscribe for the CN to be sent each week to someone who could not buy it and would not see it otherwise.

The Waifs and Strays Society of the Church of England has 4500 children to feed and clothe in over 100 Homes scattered through England and Wales. It costs a lot to look after a family so big, and the society has to depend on friends to give the children extras, such as sweets and the CN.

Perhaps some of our readers would care to send a subscription for a year to the Homes for Waifs and Strays, Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

A FOOT ON THE STAIR A Visitor Not Wanted

While Mrs Duerden of Darwin was tidying up the bedroom not long ago she heard a heavy footfall on the stair.

It was nearing tea-time and the family might be coming home, so she went out of the room and leaned over the stair rail to see which one of them it was. It was no member of her household; it was a bull!

Mrs Duerden kept her head at this exciting moment and lost nothing but her carpet-sweeper, which she left behind as she retreated into the bedroom, locking and bolting the door.

But her security was only partial, for hardly had she garrisoned herself against the bull when a ladder was thrust against her front bedroom windows. It could hardly be another bull, and she was reassured when up the ladder came one after another the two drovers who were in charge of the bull.

It had, at any rate, no terrors for them, though it was making its presence known in a disagreeable way on the stairs. They persuaded it to back down and out through the front door, and peace once more descended on the house.

SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS

The movement to keep children out of the streets by opening school playgrounds after school hours is rapidly spreading. It will save many lives.

Not only should the playgrounds be thus used; there is great need for them to be extended and improved. We are glad that the LCC has voted money for games. Floodlighting is to be tried in the autumn to encourage their winter use. Games leaders are to be employed. A little money goes a long way in organising games.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 13 1935

Let Us Be Fit

It has been noticeable that of late years the Continental nations have been giving more and more attention to physical fitness.

Too often this has been combined with military exercises, but it is plain that no such connection is necessary. We can have the exercises without the militarism. However that may be, it is matter for serious thought that Continental nations have been displaying greater interest in their youth.

Most serious people will agree that sport occupies a ridiculous space in our newspapers, yet it is not so large a part in the lives of our people. Racing does less than nothing for national physique. Golf is not exactly a branch of athletics. Football and cricket are largely professional amusements, played to great audiences. Cricket is our national game, but too many of our young men do not know how to hold a bat. All the tennis courts of the country accommodate but a fraction of our people.

When this has to be recorded of a population of town-dwellers (for only a fifth of our people are rural) we ought not to be surprised that the race is falling behind in the all-important matter of possessing healthy minds in healthy bodies.

The revelations of the war medical examinations told the same tale. The rejections, even on a low standard, were counted in millions.

Therefore we very heartily welcome the lead given by the Central Council for Recreative Physical Training which has been formed to organise national physical culture. The Council is to work hand in hand with the King's Jubilee Trust.

Its activities will doubtless take many forms, and have regard to both summer and winter training. For the first time such work will be coordinated and made a matter of national concern. The local authorities will be enlisted. A fresh impetus will be given to the provision of parks, open spaces, and playgrounds, and to the better use of these. (It is more than time, for instance, that all our school playgrounds were thrown open when the schools are closed.)

So we may hope, perhaps, for an end of the lounging and slouching which disfigure so many in youth and age. Alert and deft-handed, in good spirits because in good health, the new generations will be all the better citizens because they are physically fit.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Blot Them Out

It is interesting to see that permission has been given by a judge for the blotting-out of certain vindictive words in a will.

We quite agree. Let all vindictive words be blotted out, whether they are in a last will and testament or anywhere else.

Newspapers please note.

A Question To Be Faced

ON the day before the British and German Governments made their Naval Pact a Colonial Exhibition was opened in Germany, attended by eight former governors of Germany's lost colonies.

It was urged that Germany needs colonies now far more than ever before, and a strong demand was made for the return of the lost territories.

For our part we should like to see the whole question faced boldly by the League. Would it not be better to make colonial adjustments now than to agree to a general policy of re-arming? What is arming for? *What remains for arms when justice is done?*

Let Food Be Eaten

WE are glad that the International Labour Conference at Geneva was unanimous in thinking that the best thing to do with the world's food is to let the world's people eat it.

We have had far too much of schemes to cut down supplies because they could not be sold. The world is not producing too much, but too little, and the means to consume wealth must be provided.

Even in Australia and New Zealand, food exporting lands, there are children who, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. As for the old civilisations, whether East or West, too often the children look up and are not fed.

A World of Listeners

BROADCASTING now reaches one in five of the world's population

Happy the man of intelligence, or the musician of worth, who is able to broadcast to these 200,000,000 people! A glorious audience! It seems a pity that so many of them are condemned for lengthy periods to listen to trash.

We wonder why those in authority do not realise that the greatest insult they can offer the public is to assume that it likes rubbish. For ourselves, we continue to hold it true that the best must be loved when seen or heard, and that it has only to be known to be demanded; and we have never hesitated in our ideal that it is not the business of the BBC to broadcast everything merely because the newspapers print it. It should send out the best and not the worst, and it should not feel called upon to pander to low cravings.

Poor Lorry Man

WE are glad to record the decision of the Lord Chief Justice that it is unlawful to work a lorry-driver for over 12 hours in 24.

The safety of the roads no less than the welfare of the drivers is concerned in this matter. The actual ruling is that under the Road Traffic Act it is not legal to employ a driver to work for continuous periods exceeding eleven hours in one day.

The lawful eleven might well be less, and we hope it soon will, poor lorry man.

Tip-Cat

BRITISH Fascists, Limited, is bankrupt. But British Freedom, Unlimited, is paying high dividends.

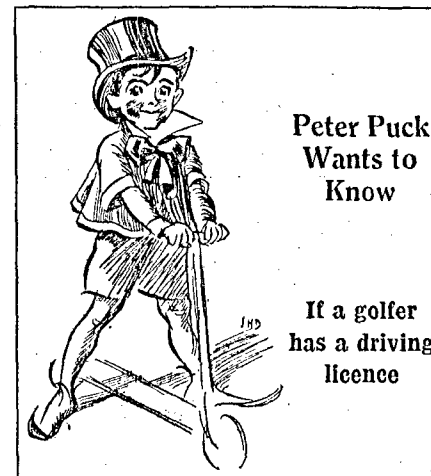
£150 was paid for a pigeon. One way of making money fly.

A MAN has crossed to France in a canoe. Said there wasn't much in it.

MOST women have a working frock. But it doesn't work.

IT is nice to take our meals under the open sky, says a speaker. Where else can we take them?

AN author declares that his favourite recreation is sleeping. But he wouldn't like his sales to drop off.



RAW youth is easily angered. And gets into a stew.

AN MP has formed a habit of waking up at any time he likes. The eyes have it.

IN a Hertfordshire town one of the first persons to send a sixpenny telegram was a tanner. And it came to a tanner.

THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

THE new LNER timetable covers London to York at a mile a minute.

MONMOUTH has 232 pieces of silver that belonged to Nelson.

MR EDWARD MEYERSTEIN has given £10,000 to Westminster Hospital.

SINCE Whitsun nearly 40 London playgrounds have been opened in the evenings.

JUST AN IDEA

To greet the day with joy is to go forward.

The Gas Mask and the Better Way

THERE is ugly news of gas-mask drills in the streets, gas-proof residential balloons for use in bomb-proof cellars, gas-proof bags for babies too young to know what to do with a mask—all the horrible preparation for and pre-occupation with war that help to bring war on.

Seeking an antidote to this barrage of wrong thinking that has assailed us of late, chiefly from France, we turned up a back copy of the great French daily *Le Temps*, and read again Dr Henri Bouquet's discussion of these matters in relation to the task of the Red Cross in protecting non-combatants against the perils of war.

Admitting the gloom of the present, he says: "But promise of a brighter future is held out by that admirable movement, the Junior Red Cross, which seeks to establish bonds of brotherhood between its 14,000,000 members in all countries of the world through inter-school correspondence."

The Red Cross itself he calls the Internationale of Solidarity and Mercy, and he ends with this expression of faith:

I cannot help thinking that this movement for bringing the peoples of the world together in a common effort for the promotion of mutual help without distinction of race, creed, or politics might well lead to the creation of a new mentality universally directed against evil, wherever it may come from. When that happens there will be something new on the face of the Earth.

We agree. And that something new will be something that was foretold 1900 years ago.

The creation of this new mentality is mankind's only hope. Let each and every one of us work at it every day, and begin with ourselves, now.

Political English

WE have nothing to do with party politics, but we listen respectfully to all party politicians when we find it possible to understand them.

It is our wish to understand them, and we beg them, therefore, to talk in English. The Chief Government Whip is reported to have spoken thus about the next General Election:

But you can take it from me (and I speak with some knowledge) that the heads—or shall we use an American term, the big shots—have not yet got down to consider the precise date on which the election shall be held.

I will say this, however. It looks like a really good bet that the election will come within the next nine months.

Our reply to this is quite unpolitical. We do not mind when the election comes. We shall not adopt the Americanism *big shots*. We do not think it necessary to get down to consider. We do not care if it is a really good bet. We like good English.

A Word From Shakespeare

To Certain Ladies

God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. Hamlet

HERE ENDETH ITS SECOND LIFE

SAN SOPHIA AND ITS AGE-OLD TALE

Nine Centuries a Church, Five a Mosque, and Now a Museum

THE CHANGES COMING OVER TURKEY

East and West are to meet again after five centuries in San Sophia, Constantinople. One of the greatest changes imaginable has come about in the wonder city of the East.

This wonder of the world, declared by some to be the most beautiful building in it, was built by Justinian 1400 years ago in the capital of Rome's Eastern Empire, to be the temple of the Christian religion which Constantine had established there. For nine centuries it so remained, the symbol of the triumph of the Cross and the greatest achievement of the art of Byzantium (the city's name before Constantine changed it).

Renamed Istanbul

When the Turks burst out of Asia, threatening to overrun Europe and being held up only under the walls of Vienna, they took the city, renaming it Istanbul, and, setting the Crescent above the Cross, made the great church a mosque. For five centuries it has been the most splendid of Turkish mosques and one on which most others have been modelled, for Turkish art and architecture had nothing so good with which to replace it.

To Christian peoples it has often been the sign of a lost shrine which they might recover as the Crusaders sought to win back the Holy Land; but it has remained a citadel of the Mohammedan faith almost as secure as Mecca.

Mortar Mixed With Musk

Yet nothing could destroy its inborn beauty. In one of the columns supporting its glorious dome, resting like a canopy over the centre as if suspended by a chain from Heaven, some of the mortar was mixed with musk, and it is said that there are days when, after all these years, the scent still steals forth. Many of the incomparable Byzantine mosaics, blue and purple and gold, have been covered with whitewash, meaningless additions have hidden part of the original structure, the marble floor has become broken and irregular with decay, yet the original splendour remains; and in another way the odour of sanctity clung to the place though it was the religion of the Prophet and not of Christ that was preached within it.

A Little Congregation

The Turks never placed any obstacle in the way of pilgrim or tourist who sought to enter it, and longer than anyone can remember there have been white-turbaned worshippers sitting back on their ankles and bowing till their heads touched the ground at the bidding of the singing priest. Always in one of the aisles was a little congregation of 40 and 50 men sitting on the floor, poor men and devout, following the words of the Koran as the teacher read the holy sentences.

Now all that is ended. San Sophia, church or mosque, has become a museum. The prayer mats have been removed, and the green wooden shields with the name of the Prophet; and in preparation for the new part the building is to play valuable work of restoration has been going on for more than two years, bringing to light the ancient mosaics, restoring the flooring and the porches, and giving back to the building a beauty long lost to it.

Its years of strife are ended, the days when Amurath to Amurath succeeded, and San Sophia looked down on Mohammed the Second taking Con-

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER SPOON

HE was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, people say of a lucky man.

Certainly one silver spoon has brought luck, for it has just been sold for £110. But it probably brought someone ill luck long ago.

A few years have gone by since an old Gloucestershire house was demolished. A labourer was attacking the chimney with his pick when he found buried in the soot at the back of a grate one silver spoon.

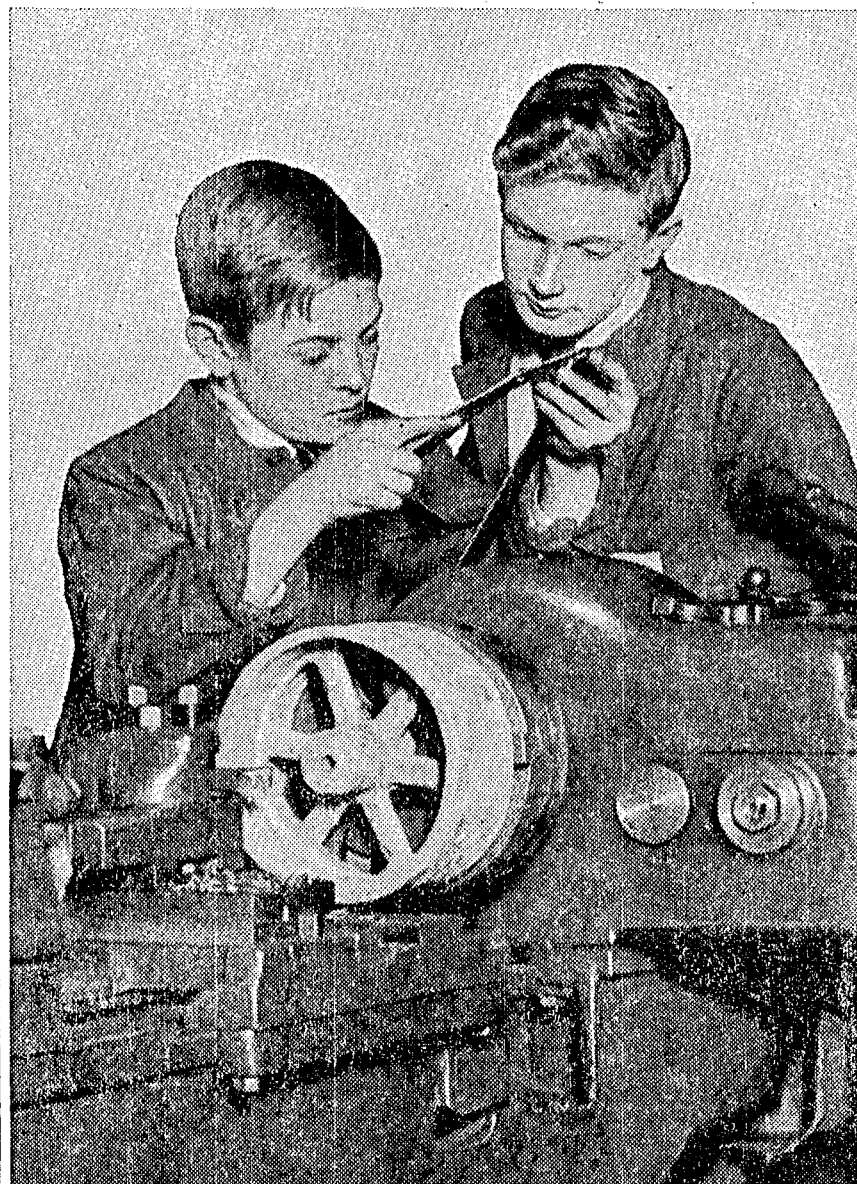
It was a queer old thing, evidently not made in our time. When someone offered him a pound for it he was well satisfied. Now it has fetched £110.

It is an Apostle spoon, bearing the semblance of St Philip, and the smith who fashioned it lived in the days of Henry the Eighth.

Perhaps some careless housemaid may have thrown it on the fire with a heap of apple peel and nutshells; perhaps she lost her place and her character through it, and lived under suspicion as a thief. "If the spoon had been thrown away," the householder may have argued, "we should have found molten silver in the fire."

Who could have guessed that the spoon had embedded itself in the soot at the back of the grate?

YOUNG ENGINEERS



Boys of the Horwich Junior Technical School, near Bolton, at work in their engineering shop

Continued from the previous column

stantinople, are forgotten. Other forgotten days are to be recalled. At the time San Sophia enters on its new career antiquaries are excavating in the courtyard outside and have discovered remains of the first Christian church built there, by Constantine.

When the museum enters into possession it may disclose priceless relics of those days when Christianity was struggling for a foothold to secure it in the East before it had established itself in the far western isles of Britain. Constantinople and the Near East have many priceless manuscripts of those days, numbers of them not yet revealed. It has been thought possible that somewhere among the monasteries and in a thousand-and-one places may lie concealed more than one famous original. What a miracle it would be if, among them all, there should appear, let us say, a manuscript of St Paul, perhaps (let us fondly imagine) with these words written on it:

And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity.

SIXPENNY NEWS

More Good Than Bad

There is good news of the sixpenny telegram. Good news goes with it.

The GPO has looked at the 605,000 telegrams which came through in a week after they had tried to increase the number by reducing the price. Only two per cent conveyed bad news.

It is very good news. Not only can we now wire home for sixpence that we shall be late, instead of spending 1s 6d to telephone the fact, but we have the consolation that we are sharing a great good-news distributor.

All this has a business side as well, for while one-third of the telegrams was social, two-thirds were for trade. The fishmongers found them most useful, accounting for nearly nine per cent of the number; and the provision trades took altogether one-eighth of the total. On the social side the largest number of telegrams were those sent in making or breaking appointments.

SO GREAT THINGS GO ON

Seeds of Greater Britain

A KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE SCHOOL FOR VANCOUVER ISLAND

A cutting from a tree planted by Kingsley Fairbridge has already become a sapling in British Columbia.

A second Fairbridge Farm School is to occupy 1000 acres on Vancouver Island. The first cottages are springing up ready to receive the 28 boys going out this month and the 28 girls who will follow them. This colony within a colony, where the colonists are to grow up among the surroundings which will be theirs when they have to make their living, is to be called the Prince of Wales's Fairbridge Farm School because of the Prince's lively interest in it.

A Proved Success

It will be followed by others, for, as readers of the CN know, the idea of Kingsley Fairbridge is a proved success. Everyone who goes to Pinjarra in West Australia is impressed by the happiness, alertness, and independence of these children from the Motherland. What Australia thinks of them is shown by the fact that though only 67 leave the school each year there are 1800 applications for Fairbridge children from employers, mostly farmers.

It is no surprise to learn that other parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations are anxious to follow the example of West Australia and British Columbia. In New Zealand the sheep-breeders are asking for a school. A movement has been begun to establish one in Victoria, and the general interest in the scheme is proved by the subscription of £70,000 out of the £100,000 asked for by the Prince of Wales to help it on.

Some day we may see the first tree grown into a plantation, and one of the most interesting tributes to this sturdy growth is that Germany is inquiring how such a school should be conducted.

NEW CHANCE FOR THE GIN TRAP BILL

Trying Again in the Lords OLD CRUELTY AND NEW

The Animal Welfare Society of the University of London is to try again to persuade the House of Lords to pass its Bill for the Prohibition of Gin Traps.

It was only defeated by two votes when Lord Tredegar introduced it this year. There is keen opposition to be overcome, but the cruel side of the trapping business is making country people think as they did not think before. If only the Bill could receive a Second Reading and be sent to a Committee for testing the facts its promoters are confident that it would become law.

They are particularly anxious to succeed this year, for it is the centenary of the first Act which entirely put an end to practices which had been the most popular forms of amusement in Shakespeare's day. In 1835 was passed the Act prohibiting Queen Elizabeth's favourite sport of Bear-baiting and James the First's favourite Bull-baiting.

When Nicholas of Russia visited this country shortly before he became Tsar in 1825 we entertained him with an exhibition of bull-baiting, and this cruel sport had a great deal to do with the founding of the R S P C A. A century has passed away and it is high time that this newer form of cruelty was stopped. There are better ways of disposing of rabbits than with gin traps.

WHAT NEXT?

THE PLANE WITHOUT
A MANIt Will Fly For Miles and
Do What it is Told

WONDER OF THE QUEEN BEE

What will happen next nobody knows, but there are few limits to what man may do in the air. He will send a plane to do his bidding and then come home again. We do not doubt it.

At the Hendon Air Display of the RAF thousands of curious eyes were turned from the planes manoeuvring in the sky to one remaining flightless on the ground.

It was the new robot plane, the result of ten years of experiment, which can take the air, loop the loop, and make a landing without a man in it.

It was the finished wonder, the goal sought by inventors all over the world, the plane that can be controlled by a wireless man on the ground, miles away. This wonderful plane rested there as if conscious of the immensity of its future while all the other planes were doing their marvellous things.

A Closely Guarded Secret

During the last few years very many people have seen this plane in the air without realising what it was, or being in the least aware that it was anything but an ordinary biplane performing its evolutions for practice; for, though the methods of controlling it and the details of its structure have been kept a closely guarded secret, it would have been impossible to achieve success without actually sending it up continually under all sorts of testing conditions.

It has actually been employed for practical purposes at sea, where it has served as a target for the gunfire of anti-aircraft weapons. The brief official description reveals it as a wooden biplane, like the machines used by the light aeroplane clubs. It can be equipped either with a wheel under-carriage for use from an aerodrome, or with a float for descending on the water. This machine has been catapulted from the deck of a battleship or an aircraft-carrier and guided and brought back by the directing wireless.

100 Miles an Hour

Its type is called the Queen Bee, and the name suggests hopes of imparting to it a gyroscopic addition enabling it to soar.

But that is a supposition which has yet to be confirmed. At present the plane can only be controlled and directed over a circle with a radius of ten miles, though it can move and remain in the air while its petrol lasts. It can climb 10,000 feet and move at 100 miles an hour. It can be flown on a given course, looped and spun, and landed again with certainty and accuracy, all at the direction of an operator sitting before a radio control board down below.

Possible Developments

The ten-mile circle, its present limit, is imposed on it by the limitations of wireless directing waves. The plane's controls cannot be operated on at a greater distance. It seems that the enlargement of the radius must depend either on the provision of farther reaching waves or of greater delicacy in the instruments which respond to them.

Both these developments are more than possible. They are probable. If machines can be directed for ten miles they will be directed for 100 or 1000. If they can be made to ascend 10,000 feet they will cross the Alps or ascend into the stratosphere like Professor Piccard's balloon. We can only hope that their future lies in a peaceful penetration and they may never be used as messengers of death. We should like to think of them as the air mails of the future, carrying messages of goodwill all over the world.

Picture on page 9

The World Broken in Pieces
RUSSIA'S EXPERIMENT

We have looked at the state of the world in this great upheaval, and have considered the plans of America and Italy for repairing their parts of it. Now we consider the extraordinary experiment being made in Russia, where one tyranny has given way to another which claims to have the consent of the people behind it.

THE ancient Russian autocracy perished in the third year of the World War, after its incompetence had brought a great people to defeat and starvation.

In March 1917 the Tsarist tyranny was swept away. For a few months an attempt was made to establish moderate republican rule, but by the autumn of 1917 the Bolsheviks (extreme Communists) were in supreme command. They made peace with Germany in March 1918 and then had to fight rebel Whites (Tsarists) who were aided by the Allies. By 1920 the Whites were crushed, foreign intervention ceased, and the Bolsheviks were at last at peace. Our first trade agreement was made with Bolshevik Russia in 1921, and in 1924 the Russian Government was generally recognised by foreign Powers.

The Central Command

Russia, a great territory of over 8,000,000 square miles, stretches across the world from the Baltic Sea to the Sea of Japan, including most of the land of North Europe and North Asia. Its population, of many races, is about 174 millions, and is increasing at the rate of about three millions a year. It is a Federation of Republics, and its official title is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The chief Republic is the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. There are other Federated Republics, making seven in all, and these include some 30 republics possessing much self-government. The term Soviet means a Council, and the entire nation is often called the Soviet Union.

The USSR has a Central Executive Committee exercising what is called in the written Constitution the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, meaning the People's Rule. The Constitution also declares:

Here, in the camp of Socialism, are mutual confidence and peace, national freedom and equality, a dwelling together in peace, and the brotherly collaboration of peoples.

The General Secretary of the Central Council at Moscow is Yosiph Stalin, who is the effective head of the State. A man of great force of character, he may be justly termed a Dictator.

The critics of Soviet Russia deny that the people rule themselves; they assert that the Communist Party is really in command and that personal and political liberty do not exist. To this the reply is made that the Russians of today enjoy a freedom unknown to the masses under Tsardom.

The Old and the New

The old Russia knew the worst labour conditions in Europe. In Moscow a leading employer, among the best in Russia, herded 12 families in a single barrack room. Factory work was done in disgraceful conditions, and the Tsarist police dealt brutally with those who dared complain. Just before the war strikers at the gold mines were shot down by Cossacks, 160 being killed. Now there are rest-rooms, medical staffs, and holiday homes for workers. The establishment of each new industrial centre sees a proper complement of social conveniences and recreations.

The grave neglect of Russia by the Tsars had left a vast territory of marvellous resources largely unproductive. The Soviet Union has organised both industry and agriculture, and the work done has undoubtedly furnished a better living to a population which is now 34 millions bigger than existed in the same territories under the Tsar.

In 1920 Lenin, the first Soviet Dictator, decided to inaugurate the Electric Age in Russia. After 15 years a great part of the task is accomplished, and now each power centre, whether based

on coal, or peat, or oil, or water-power, is surrounded by gigantic industries which have risen with marvellous rapidity. Soviet Russia claims that within a brief period her output will surpass that of the United States. Already industry produces three times as much as under the Tsar, while the death-rate has fallen by a third.

It was in 1929 that what is called the world economic crisis began. The world's industrial output dwindled to small dimensions. America produced 4,700,000 tons of steel a month in 1929; in 1932 it was only 1,091,000 tons a month. Other countries suffered in the same way. Soviet Russia claims that while all the rest of the world was thus plunged in distress Russian output and wealth increased. Yet she did not begin modern work seriously until 1920.

State Socialism

Soviet Russia is obviously practising State Socialism. All capital is owned by the State, and the products of work are shared by payment of salary and wage, the payments for work rising as output increases. Wages are unequal, more being paid to those who do most work. There is no unemployment, for everyone is expected to work as a matter of course; and, equally as a matter of course, there is a State organisation of work to absorb all labour as the young become old enough to work.

The written Constitution declares that the competence of the State covers every function of corporate life, including

The direction of foreign trade and of the system of internal trade.

The establishment of the foundations and the general plan of the whole national economy of the Union.

Thus both internal and external trade are State affairs. When Russia exports timber the State does it in bulk. It follows that the Russian Budget is very much bigger than with us. We merely budget for taxes to raise money, while the State spends money only on keeping order, the armed forces, education, such social schemes as benefits in age, health and unemployment, and paying off debt.

Russia, on the other hand, budgets to carry on agriculture, industry, and home trade, and to buy and sell abroad.

National Plan For All Work

This means planning work systematically, deciding that so much iron, timber, corn, cotton, shall be produced in a given time. So the famous Five-Year Plan came into being. It was finished in four years (in 1932), and another Plan was then made to follow it. In no other country is State work yet planned on the Russian scale.

To understand the Russian idea let us think of our own General Post Office, which is run entirely by the Government, all the postal servants being in the Government service. In Russia all industries are thus Government owned. That is why there is no unemployment in them, just as there are no unemployed British postal servants.

The critics of Soviet Russia take the view that for the State to own all capital is to enslave the people and to deny them liberty to do what they please. The Soviet answer is that the Russian people are content with the knowledge that, through the Government, they own the businesses they work in, and that, understanding their position, they have a higher status than when working for private masters who own factories. To this critics answer that British postal servants are no happier or better off than men working for private employers.

No part of the world was so completely broken by the war as Russia. The claim is made by the Soviets that a splendid

STANDING TOGETHER

Australian States To
Strengthen Federation

END OF A DEADLOCK

The dispute between Western Australia and the rest of the Commonwealth is on the way to a happy ending.

The Deputy Prime Minister of the Commonwealth has paid an official visit to Perth and has made proposals which have caused the Labour Premier of the State to change his mind, and declare to the world that he has done so.

Though all well-wishers of Australia agreed that the British Parliament could not intervene, there has been a great deal of sympathy for the peculiar difficulties of this State, and evidently that sympathy has been felt at Canberra, for its emissary has suggested the establishment of councils to coordinate all the State Governments of Australia on a national basis.

Mr Collier, the Premier of Western Australia, has seen that this is the only possible way out of the trouble, and his words will long be remembered:

I stand for federation and unity. I see no future for Australians unless we stand together.

It is a wise saying, which applies to the Empire as strongly as it does to any single Dominion.

Continued from the previous column

building is rising on the ruins of an ancient and hated autocracy. It is too soon for us to judge the issue, but no competent observer doubts that, even under the Russian tyranny, a fine devotion is being applied to great ideas.

Russia has built, not only new industries, but a new Army, and early in 1935 she staggered the world with an official announcement that the standing peace strength is roundly a million men, armed with the most modern equipment. The Soviet Government explains the making of that enormous force by stating that she desires peace and complete international disarmament, but that she fears aggression. Service in the Army is compulsory.

It must be admitted that there is much that is better than it was in Russia, but there is another side. Much as her material progress calls for admiration, when we examine Russia's attitude to the higher things of life during the past ten years her condition is found to be a sad one. What must be considered truly deplorable about this giant experiment is the restriction of Liberty and the attack on religion in a country where the peasants are naturally pious. Not many years ago all the soldiers in the Red Army were asked about their belief, and 70 per cent declared that they believed in God.

The Soviet Government disestablished the Orthodox Church and seized most of its property in 1918, and in a decree of 1929 confirmed the separation of both Church from State and School from Church. In 1932, however, a decree was issued actually embodying a Five-Years Godless Plan, with the avowed object of not leaving a single house of prayer in Russia and of extinguishing the very notion of God in the minds of the people.

The inevitable result of this absence of religious teaching has been the demoralisation of boys and girls, and recently the State had to increase the penalties for youthful law-breaking. Also the Commissariat of Education has decided to employ ethics as a substitute for religious teaching, and has engaged professors to compile shorter and longer catechisms of Communist ethics and to issue ethical text-books for the parents.

The position would be laughable were it not so sad, for all the world knows that no standard can be so high as that of the New Testament, which has stood the test of centuries as being the only basis for life in any sort of community.

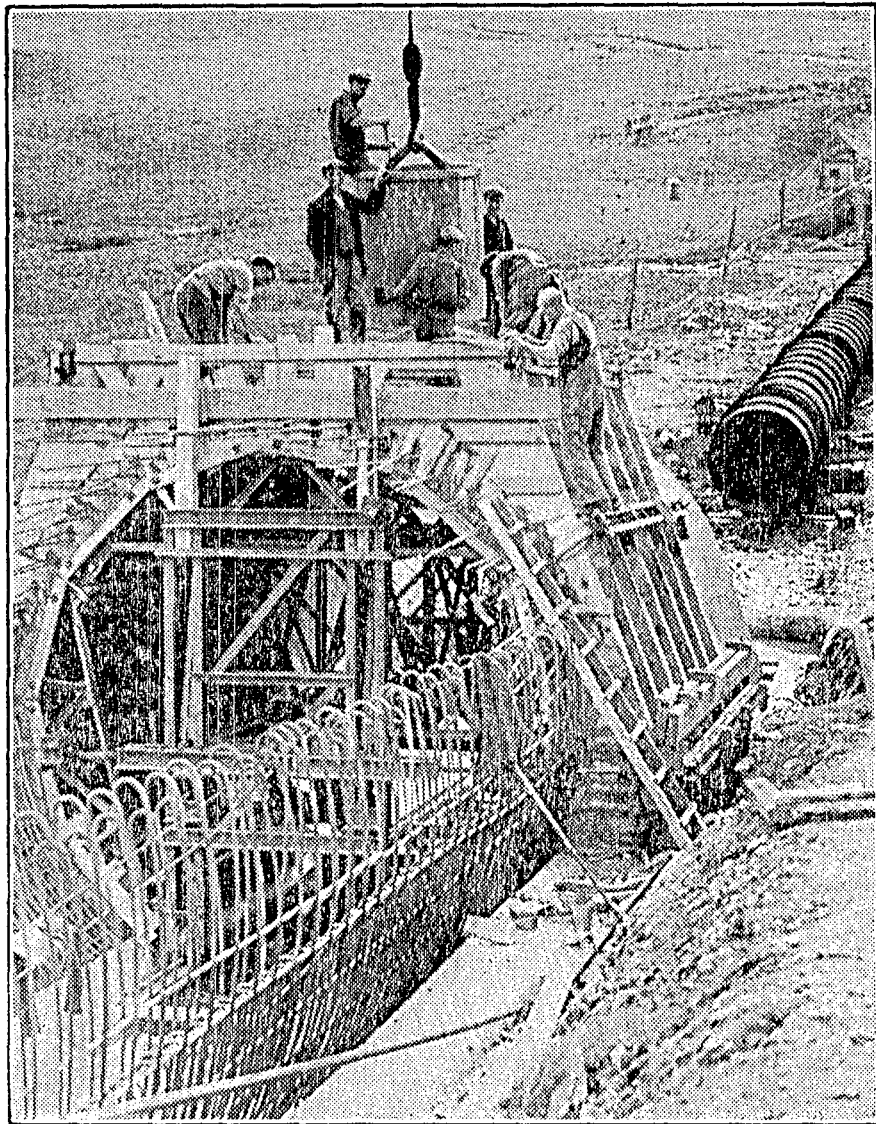
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July 13, 1935.

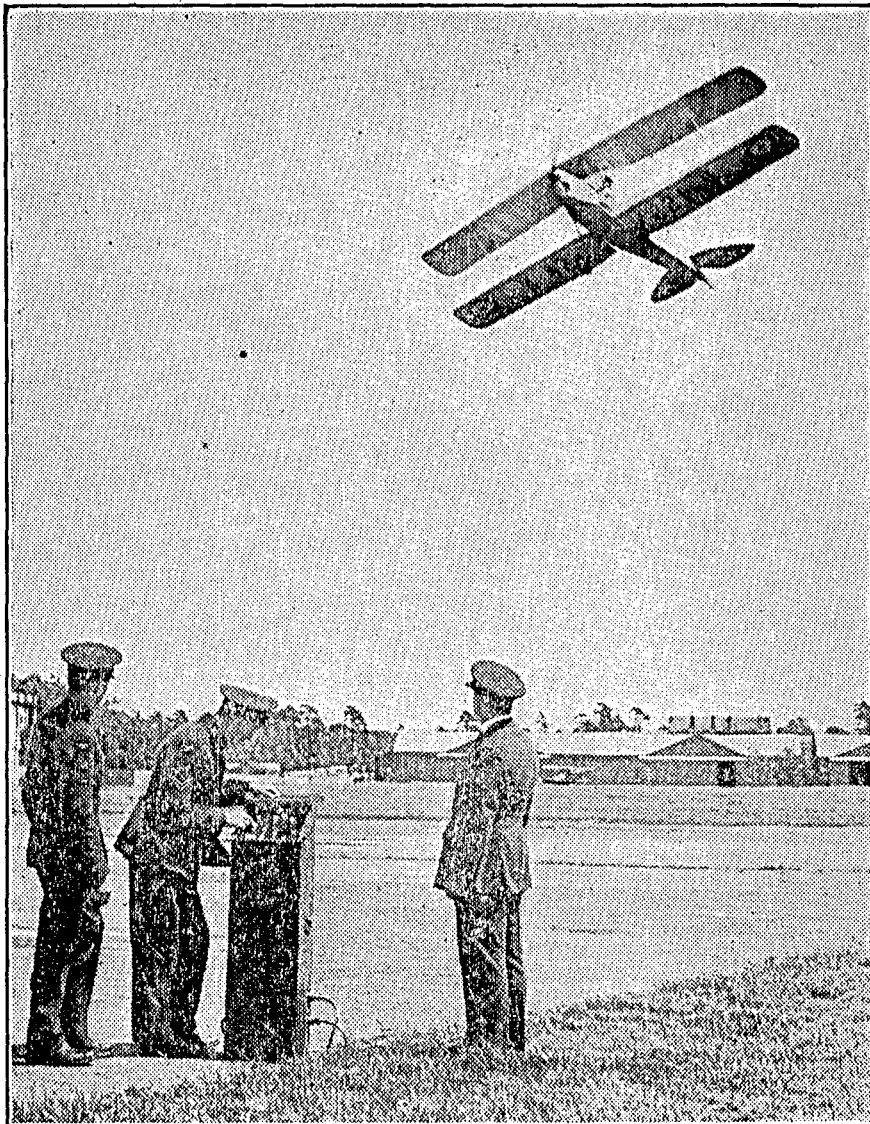
The Children's Newspaper

9

AEROPLANE WITHOUT A MAN · COLD WORK · TURBINE RAILWAY ENGINE



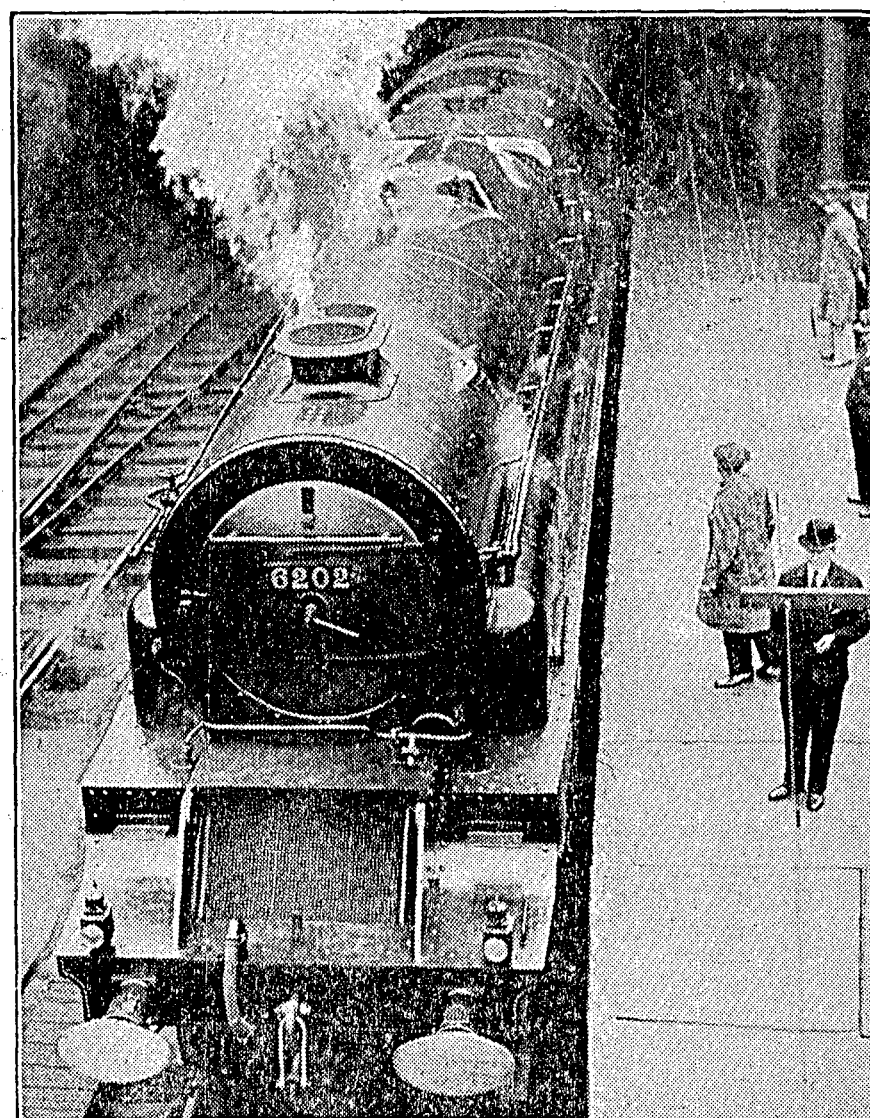
Water Power in Scotland—Building a reinforced concrete aqueduct in the second section of the great Galloway hydro-electric scheme.



The Robot Plane—The aeroplane which flies without a pilot is here seen passing over the man who controls it by means of wireless. See page 8.



Cold Work—In the hottest weather these men have difficulty in keeping warm, even with overcoats on, for their work is in the depot of an ice factory.



Something New on the Railway—A turbine locomotive which the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway is to use experimentally on passenger trains.

OUR YOUNG AND OLD

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS FOR THE YOUNG

The Enjoyment of Well-Earned Leisure For the Old

CONTRIBUTORY INSURANCE

Germany and Italy have been doing much to distribute employment so as to give it mainly to those who need it most, and especially to fathers of families.

Their efforts have been concerned with discouraging the employment of women in what should be men's work and in encouraging marriage.

No one here has ventured to propose that we should transfer employment from women to men to enable more men to support wives and families, but some old proposals have been revived to reduce the number of young and old seeking work.

Before the war a private MP introduced into Parliament a Bill to establish compulsory continuation schools and raise the school age.

The compulsory Continuation School would continue every child's education, in the daytime, until 18.

If the school-leaving age were raised to 15, after 15 the child would pass into work; but for a certain number of hours would, until 18, attend a compulsory Continuation School giving both general and technical instruction. The employer would be compelled to allow time off for this attendance.

Old Age Pensions

At the other end of life, if no unemployment problem existed, it would be a great thing to ensure to the old the enjoyment of a well-earned leisure.

As recently as 1908 the first British Old Age Pensions Act was passed, and in December 1909 692,740 people were drawing non-contributory pensions at 70. Up to that time Old Age Pensions were generally regarded as a desirable thing which we could not afford.

Since then the Old Age Pension age has been lowered to 65 on a contributory basis for the years between 65 and 70. The pension rate is helpful but not high enough to keep many of the pensioners out of the labour market.

There are proposals to lower the pension age and to raise the rate of pension to induce ageing workers to retire in fair comfort. The scheme would be one of insurance, subscribed by employers, employed, and the Government.

SILK SUITS?

New Clothes From Italy

Cloths in which artificial silk is used by a new process mark another advance in the marvellous history of Rayon.

Ordinary cotton-spinning machinery can be employed to make the new yarn, and it is hoped this may help to get Lancashire back to work.

The new yarn is also being woven into a material hard to distinguish from worsted cloth, so that the possibility of suits of artificial silk is by no means remote.

Italy is making great progress in this connection, and the Textile Guild sees to it that artificial silk is employed in all possible tissues. The new yarn can be mixed with both cotton and wool to produce various effects.

Scouts of the world increased last year by 34,147 and in this country decreased by 20,319.

Southern Rhodesia purchases 75 per cent of her requirements of manufactured goods from Empire sources.

The Shell Transport Company paid last year £57,000,000 in taxes and duties to various countries, and only £9,000,000 to its own shareholders.

PETER PUCK MEETS ROSE APHIS

AREN'T the sweet-williams coming along nicely? said Peter Puck, as he showed Ann Elizabeth his garden.

"Yes," said she; "and aren't the greenfly coming along nicely?"

She was anxious to please, but at three one is apt to say the wrong thing. Peter Puck was not pleased. He was stung to action. He had known for a long time that the roses were covered with greenfly, and he had said he would spray them; but he had said it in the spirit of the little French girl whose words may be translated:

*Tomorrow, Mother, I'll be good,
I promise! Cease from sorrow!*

*Ah, child, I only wish I could;
It never is tomorrow.*

Peter felt that tomorrow had come at last. He went to the seedsman and bought a packet of poison guaranteed to annihilate greenfly, slugs, caterpillars, and litter louts without harming pekinese, leghorns, tabbies, white mice, or poets. He also bought a syringe, and



found afterwards that there was a perfectly good one at home. Then he mixed several gallons of poison in a large galvanised washtub. There was a good deal of unpleasantness when Mary was all ready to do the laundry and could not find the tub; but, as Peter said, the poison was by then a *fait accompli*. Everyone thought this meant something rude, and Peter's popularity was about one per cent.

"Here I am," he muttered bitterly, "working my fingers to the bone to get them a beautiful garden, and are they grateful? Hah! The old sailor was right:

*O, I've a-heard of longitude,
And I've a-heard of latitude,
But seems to me on land or sea
I never heard of gratitude.*

Filling his syringe with a vicious thrust, Peter prepared to annihilate the greenfly.

"Stop!" cried a little voice.

"Who's that?" demanded Peter.

"Friend," piped the voice.

"What name?"

"Rose Aphis."

"Aphis!" yelled Peter. "Why, that's a *nom de what-d-you-callum* for greenfly! And you dare to say you're a friend!"

"Why not?" coaxed the voice. "We have much in common. For instance, we both love roses."

"You can't say you love roses when you eat them," growled Peter.

"Do you love animals?" asked the greenfly.

"I do."

"And are you a vegetarian?"

Peter changed the subject hurriedly. "You are a perfect nuisance, and I'm going to spray you."

"Mercy!" squeaked the greenfly. "Think what we have meant in history."

"What have you meant in history?"

"We saved Scotland. Robert the Bruce was disheartened by continual defeats. He retired to a Highland cottage, and decided to forget politics in cultivating roses. His main objective now was not the freedom of his native land but first prize at the Craigenputtock Flower Show. But we greenfly rallied round. Time after time we covered his blooms. He tried all the usual washes. Many a time he thought we were defeated for good, but we always came back—we always do . . ."

"You always do," groaned Peter.

"One day," continued the greenfly, "he suddenly flung down his syringe, crying, 'If this little insect does not despair, neither will I.' Rallying his followers round him, he made another effort. The English yoke was flung off at Bannockburn, thanks to a greenfly."

"I thought it was a spider," said Peter.

"A rumour," explained the greenfly, "put about by the spiders themselves, so that people might overlook their nasty messy webs and the lady spider's discouraging habit of eating her husband."

"Still," said Peter, raising the syringe

"Don't do that," cried Rose Aphis quickly. "Remember what happened the year there were no greenfly."

"What happened?"

"Civil War. Years and years of bloodshed, treachery, and ruin. We, of course, are fairies, sent by our king to save men from overweening pride. Men grumbled at us. One year in disgust Oberon withdrew us. Never were roses so glorious as that year, never were gardeners so boastful and quarrelsome. Things came to a head at a garden party at the House of Lancaster. The King picked a red rose, Paul's Scarlet Climber it was, and said it couldn't be beaten. The Duke of York said he had a Karl Druski at home which was twice the size. Everyone took sides, and the Wars of the Roses dragged on through three reigns."

"You surprise me," said Peter coldly, as he drew back the handle of the syringe.

"Think," squeaked the greenfly, "how the hand that spared the greenfly ruled the waves. Drake was in his garden at Plymouth. They brought him news that the Armada was in sight. Keen rose-fancier that he was, he said, 'We have time to spray these bushes and beat the King of Spain.'"

"Well, well," said Peter; "it is not at all the history they taught me at school . . ."

Here the conversation with Rose Aphis was rudely interrupted by Mary in search of the washtub. With a strong heave she turned it on its side, and sent several gallons of wash coursing down the gravel path before she dragged the tub back to the scullery. Peter was so startled that he fired the syringe straight into his eye.

HER MOVING NEST

Up and down the Hamble River in Hampshire a water wagtail flew after a motor-boat.

This was because the bird had built her nest in the boat's locker. She would nest only when the boat was moored, so the owners obligingly did the daily trips in record time.

MUSIC ON THE SHELF

THE B B C'S GREAT COLLECTION

Most Remarkable Library of Its Kind in the World

SCORES BY THE MILLION

Before seven million British homes can settle down to listen to the evening's musical programme it has to be taken from the shelves of the B B C's musical library.

In Broadcasting House is a library of music which has nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world. To begin with, it is the largest. It has scores by the million. Most collections of music are reference libraries; this is a lending one. It has taken 13 years to compile, and is still growing.

Kept in Action

It began in a tiny room of Marconi House; it now occupies tier upon tier of steel shelves in a big section of Broadcasting House. It is like no other library, and its contents are more impressive than its appearance, for the sheets of its music are stowed away in stiff cartons which only by their lettering and numbering afford any clue to the treasures they contain. But it is busier than almost any London library except that at the British Museum.

At first it was a one-man job, built up by the devotion of Mr Hook, who now has 23 assistants working under him—not so much to add to its size as to keep it in action, for this music is always on the move. It is always being taken down and put back again.

Arranging the Programmes

Sometimes it will travel no farther than the studios. At others it will travel to Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, or Glasgow. The librarians' chief responsibility is to supply from their library the foundation of the music that is to take the air. Programmes are arranged weeks beforehand, and the library has some share in preparing them. But apart from that the musical directors will ask the library to have ready from its store all the pieces of music necessary for an assigned performance. An orchestral performance may require anything from 40 to 400 pieces from the shelves.

These have all to be taken out, distributed, their destinations and the performers indicated and catalogued, so that the library may see that they are rightly allocated and duly returned. A symphony in four movements may be scored for 120 players. A choral performance accompanied by an orchestra may raise the number of pieces required to more than double that number.

Almost Everything

On the shelves appear 20,000 musical titles of works to be performed, and one title may represent anything from a simple ballad for singer and piano to the most complicated item of a concert.

There are 160,000 vocal scores alone in this library. There are 10,000 titles for military bands, each comprising the parts for every instrument. There are pieces for the piano, for the organ, for opera and comic opera, and for everything except dance music. The scores are gathered from everywhere, they are often routed out from odd corners and from forgotten collections. There is some valuable old Russian music and a large amount that has a value all its own because it is out of print.

Sometimes the library has to hire scores for a performance, but in general it may be said that anything musicians want to play or the public wants to hear can be turned up by the B B C's music library staff.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

NEXT WEEK'S EVENT

How the Earth's Great Cone of Shadow Varies

OTHER MOONS ECLIPSED

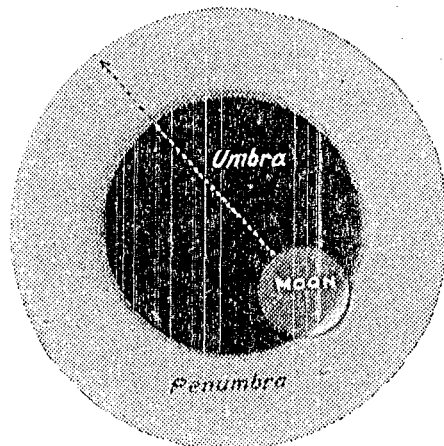
By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will be totally eclipsed by the Earth's shadow on Tuesday next, July 16. Unfortunately only a portion of the event may be observed from Britain and that in the early morning.

As observed from London and the surrounding areas the shadow begins to encroach upon the Moon at about 12 minutes past 4, first appearing at the upper left side of her disc and gradually spreading over it as the Moon sinks down in the south-west sky.

Before she is completely immersed in the Earth's shadow the Moon sets; this will be at about one minute past 5, and in the bright early morning sky. The Sun will rise as the Moon sets and, being in exactly the opposite point in the heavens, will provide visual verification of our world being between the two.

Farther west and over the southern part of North America the Moon will be seen totally eclipsed, and for a longer time than is usual. For the Moon travels almost exactly through the centre of the Earth's shadow cone, as may be seen



Path of the Moon through the Earth's shadow

from the section shown in the accompanying picture. The broken line indicates the Moon's path, while the Moon is shown by the small circle, nearly all of which is immersed in the large dark circle of the Earth's shadow, which is known as the umbra.

The picture thus shows the full extent to which the Moon will appear eclipsed as observed from Britain. Surrounding the umbra is shown a much larger circle of fainter shadow, which becomes still fainter toward its circumference; this is the penumbra that will first completely cover the Moon, but in the early morning twilight will not be very obvious.

This penumbra results from only a part of the Sun being obscured within its radius. This will be better understood if we imagine we are on the Moon where the penumbra is darkest (that is nearest the umbra); we should there see nearly the whole of the Sun obscured by the Earth's dark sphere. Were we placed, however, where the penumbra appears faintest only a small portion of the Sun would be obscured.

Moon, Earth, and Sun

The section of the Earth's shadow through which the Moon passes on this occasion, as shown by the picture, is about 6250 miles in diameter and almost as great as it could be; for the length and diameter of the Earth's shadow vary. It has a length of about 845,000 miles when she is at her nearest to the Sun, and about 873,000 miles when she is at about her farthest, as at present. In addition the distance of the Moon from the Earth also varies between 221,460 and 252,710 miles; consequently she

THE RADIUM DIVINER

Remarkable Search in a Hospital

An instrument has been made by the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington to find radium when it is lost.

In spite of every care the needles of radium in use at hospitals are sometimes lost. They are not like ordinary needles and contain almost microscopic quantities of radium for employment in cases of deep-seated ills.

Though the quantity of radium is so small it is very valuable and hardly to be replaced, so that if by mischance it is lost a frenzied search takes place to find it. One such needle was thought to have been washed down a hospital sink. If it had been it would have made radio-active the water poured down the sink, but the water was tested in vain, and at last the help of the National Physical Laboratory was sought.

It sent along an instrument something like a garden syringe with a neon lamp and a flex leading to high-tension batteries. A neon lamp is lighted when a current passes directly through the neon gas, and not otherwise. Radium in its neighbourhood will act like a trigger discharging electrons to start the battery in action.

This instrument was taken to the hospital and passed along the course of the leaden pipe where the radium needle might be. Sure enough, at an elbow of the joint the neon lamp began to glow and there the needle was found. Another peculiarity of this remarkable instrument is that the neon lamp translates its excitement into waves of sound which can be heard through a head phone. Consequently, as it approaches nearer and nearer the object of its search, it gives out tiny clucks like those of a hen which has laid an egg.

JERRY THE BUILDER

Give Him a Better Standard

We now have a standard of shopping, entered into willingly by all good traders; why not a standard of building?

Of course the law gives us a standard of sorts, but there should be one much higher than the legal minimum. Speaking to the Building Trades Operatives the other day, their President, Mr Barron, urged that the industry should organise a campaign for honest building and so counter the malpractices of the jerry builder.

He proposed that all work should be subject to a standard agreement on quality, good material being used for houses in a proper manner and under proper conditions. Owing to the craze for cheapness too many houses are built which are satisfactory to nobody. Perhaps those responsible are too often inclined to forget that we cannot experiment with the homes of the people as we can with motor-cars.

Continued from the previous column

passes periodically through different thicknesses, as one might say, of the Earth's cone of shadow.

As on the day of the eclipse she will be about 228,400 miles away, it becomes obvious that the Moon will pass through a very thick section of the shadow.

No more eclipses of either the Sun or Moon will be observable from Britain this year; nevertheless eclipses of some celestial body or another are frequently taking place in some part of the heavens. The Moon is continually eclipsing stars, while many of them have worlds that more or less eclipse them.

The planets, too, have moons which are periodically eclipsed; for example, Io, the first satellite of Jupiter, will be eclipsed by him on Thursday evening next, and may be seen to reappear a few minutes before midnight. On Saturday evening, July 20, Europa, his second satellite, will be eclipsed, and Jupiter will be seen by possessors of telescopes to be accompanied by only three moons.

G. F. M.

HOW A GUILD WORKS

Industry For the Benefit of All

ITALY'S WAY

The Italian Guilds, which govern all Italian work in the public interest, are busily performing their functions.

They are entrusted with the all-important duty of making work efficient and in the best sense profitable; they are managed by joint councils of employers and employed; and they help each master and worker to understand what he is doing and the effect of what he does upon others.

Take, for example, the Textile Guild. All textiles are its province, and it is charged with the honour and welfare of the industries.

Silk very much concerns the Guild, for it has suffered terribly. In 1928 Italy exported silk worth 1282 million lire; last year the export was only 100 million. This great fall was due to foreign tariffs; Italian silks have suffered as British cottons have done. So the industry is to be overhauled in all its branches and in the meantime tidied over with a grant. Every department of the trade is to be reorganised.

Growing More Hemp

Then there is hemp, which Italy grows well. Jute and sisal compete with hemp, but are inferior. The Guild decides that Italy shall grow more hemp, and shut down imports of jute and sisal. Hemp can be splendidly grown on the newly-recovered lands, and Italian science is set to work to improve its manufacture. Italian sheaves are to be bound with Italian hemp.

So with flax and wool; organisation and research are to enlarge Italian output so that work upon these things may not be hindered by the difficulty, ever increasing, of finding oversea markets in which to sell goods to pay for imports.

These operations are conducted in a country without colonies, and lacking coal and raw materials.

At the end of last year the Italian unemployed numbered 961,000, less than half of ours, in a similar population.

THE NEW SORT OF GUIDE BOOK

A Wonder For Half-a-Crown

It is lovely to be rich, and everybody who has ever produced a guide book must wish he were as rich as Shell, for never were such captivating books as these Shell Guides.

Girl Guides for ever, say we, but Shell Guides for Cornwall, Derbyshire, Wiltshire, and Kent. Each guide is but half-a-crown, complete with splendid maps, a gazetteer of places, and pictures not to be beaten.

To those who do not want to go to these four counties we would say, Do not buy these guides, for if you do you must surely go—unless indeed you feel you have been already when you put them down.

They are published by the Architectural Press, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

PITY THE OWNER

For thirty years William Baker worked faithfully for his employer, a manufacturer of metal windows. Now he is 60, and he might have been thinking of retirement if his employer had not died and left him the business.

He is grateful, and thinks his employer did a fine thing, but, he says, "I shall have to work, if anything, harder than I did before."

So those of us who work for others must give up envying the owners. When we leave office, factory, dock-yard, or shop, we leave our cares behind, but the owner takes them home.

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HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: BIG BEN FLOODLIT

THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN THE STATE PROCESSION

BRITANNIA: AN APPROPRIATE AND SYMBOLIC DISPLAY

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND ST MARTIN'S CHURCH MIDST THE GAILY DECORATED STREETS

LANGHAM PLACE IN GAY MOOD
UNIQUE DECORATIONS AT OXFORD CIRCUS

BUCKINGHAM PALACE FLOODLIT, WHERE THOUSANDS CONGREGATED NIGHTLY

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ONE PARLIAMENT BACK IN EUROPE

Dictatorship Passes in Yugo-Slavia

THE BOY KING'S KINGDOM

One Dictator goes in Europe. The rule of tyranny is to end in Yugo-Slavia, where Prince Paul has been acting as Regent for the boy king since the assassination of King Alexander.

The country is to return once again to a Parliamentary form of government which she has been without for six years.

It is true that a General Election was held last May, but the Government hedged the election about with conditions which still maintained that spirit of one-party rule which has been such a bitter thing for the Croats. In spite of them 67 members adhering to the opposition party led by Dr Matchek, the Croat peasant leader, were elected, and showed their dissatisfaction by staying away from the Parliament when it was opened on June 3.

Premier Educated in England

They met at Zagreb instead and passed a resolution demanding new elections under a new electoral law, and an honest Government which would bring in a new regime and liberate the Croat, Serbian, and Slovene peoples "from their present insufferable afflictions."

There was popular support for this attitude, and the semi-Fascist ministry fell and a new one with liberalising ideas has now been formed from the groups of the Serbian Radicals, the Slovene Clericals, and the Moslems of Bosnia. The Premier is M. Stoyadinovic, who, like Prince Paul, was educated in England; and though the Croat peasant party will not enter Parliament they have adopted a friendly attitude to him in anticipation of measures which will entirely abolish the rule of the few and unify Yugo-Slavia as a democratic country.

THE UNKNOWN HORSE

One of the Great Dumb Heroes

In Budapest a monument has been unveiled to the Unknown War Horse.

Past the statue of this dumb unconscious hero the horses of the regiment of hussars quartered in the Francis Joseph cavalry barracks filed, led by their riders. It was the salute of the horses to a dead compatriot who had perished in a cause which none of them understood, for an evil in which they had no part.

The ceremony was yet another reminder (which seems to be sorely needed by those who were too young to share in that world catastrophe, and by others, older but unteachable) of the unending cost, both to innocent and guilty, of war.

There is a building in London dedicated as a memorial to the thousands of God's humble creatures who suffered and perished in the Great War; and on the casualty panel is an inscription recording the death of 484,000 horses, mules, camels, dogs, and carrier-pigeons who were drafted into the service and died for it, God knows why.

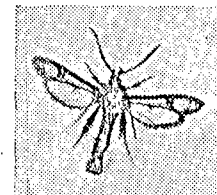
A GOOD TURN

A pleasant story of a good turn comes to us from New Zealand.

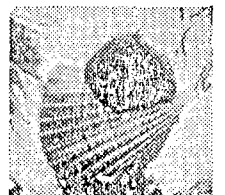
The surgeon at the S.P.C.A. depot in Auckland was rather surprised when a party of small boys came in, their leader carrying a pigeon he had found wounded in the street.

"It is only a street bird," explained a boy, as if he thought one of the pigeons which live among the roofs and streets of the city would not be worth the notice of the S.P.C.A. surgeon. The surgeon soon put the boys at their ease by telling them that their thoughtfulness had saved the pigeon much suffering, and it would soon be well.

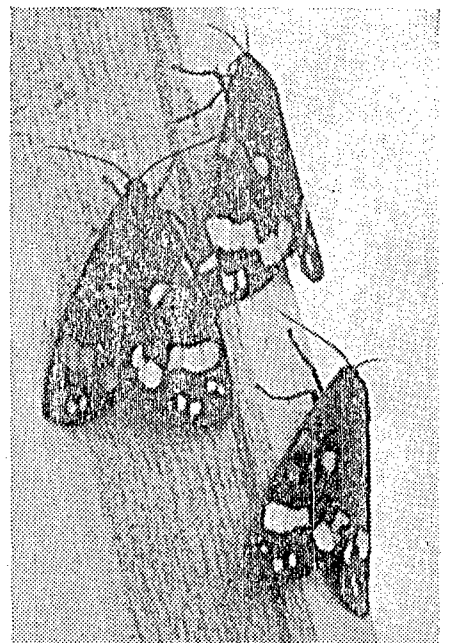
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



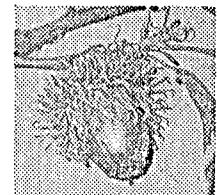
The red-belted apple clearwing moth may be seen in orchards



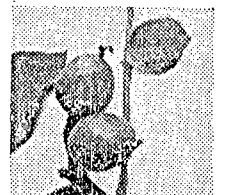
Sea anemones are to be found in rock pools along the coast



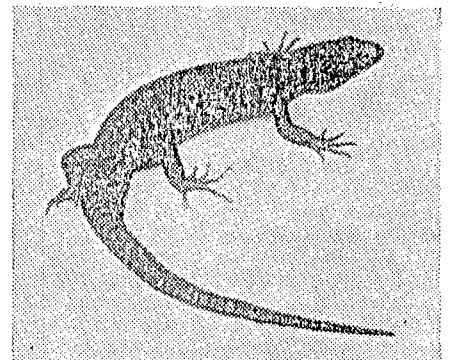
The handsome scarlet tiger moths are to be seen in woods in the South of England



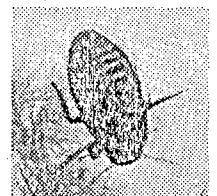
Acorns of the Turkey oak, in their mossy cups, are developing



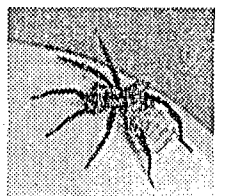
Green walnuts are now being gathered for pickling



The common, or viviparous, lizard may now be seen sunning itself in the daytime



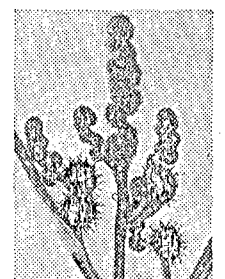
The great water-beetle is now seen, but it should be handled with care, as it nips



The wolf spider may sometimes be seen carrying its cocoon of eggs, as shown here



The hedge woundwort now has its blossoms



The branched bur-reed is flowering

THE VOICE IN THE WONDER BOX

The Man Who Took It Through the Villages

WHAT HE GAVE TO MADAGASCAR

It was only the other day that we told the story of the beginning of Christianity in Madagascar; now one of its great pioneers in our time has passed from his work to his reward.

William Kendall Gale, the founder of more than 250 churches, has died in Madagascar, where he had been working as a missionary for nearly 30 years.

His ambition when he went there for the London Missionary Society was "to fill the country with churches and schools," and he went far toward doing this.

He worked in an original way. He would leave his mission station on a long journey into the interior, unarmed, but taking with him, besides his Bible and a medicine chest, a gramophone and some noisy records! On reaching a village he would set his gramophone down in the street and put on a record. Sometimes it would be one of Harry Lauder, who proved to be a great favourite. Of course the natives did not understand the words, but it always made them laugh all the same, and once they laughed Mr Gale knew they would not attack him with spears.

The Hidden Voice

Instead of that they closed round his astonishing talking-box and asked him questions. He would then bring out his Bible and explain that, just as there was a hidden voice in his box, so there was a hidden voice in his Book, the voice of God.

That was the beginning of the founding of a church.

Next Mr Gale would help the villagers to put up a building. It was usually made of bamboo poles and raffia, but sometimes the natives knew how to make sun-dried bricks. Then the missionary would look round for someone who had somehow learned to read, and this one he would put in charge of the new church, to teach the people hymns and Bible stories, until he himself was able to return or to send a trained native teacher to lead them. In one village the only person who could read was the witch doctor, who was persuaded to sweep all his witchcraft paraphernalia out of his house, turn the house into a church, and become the leader of the congregation.

When he had seen the new church well established Mr Gale would take up his gramophone, his medicine chest, and his Bible again, and journey on.

A MILLION POUNDS A MILE

France's Great Wall

France has a brand-new "Great Wall of China."

From Strasbourg to Sarreguémies now runs a broad ribbon of concrete pierced here and there with holes for guns and 60 miles long. It has cost £60,000,000, for the wall is only the visible and outward sign of subterranean tracks and long tunnels punctuated by electric lifts to bring to the surface men and heavy guns and shells.

The overburdened taxpayer has to foot the bill for this vast expenditure on defensive armament, and is asked to do so cheerfully because it will form a really powerful obstacle to any invasion of France's eastern frontier.

Possibly it might, but we have no doubt that aeroplanes could fly over it. Perhaps the men who devise these Stone Age defences have not thought of that!

PUSS AT SEA

A Warship's Cat Comes Home

GINGER'S SIX-MONTHS HOLIDAY

Many of our household cats would, if they only knew about it all, envy a much-travelled cat from Chatham.

We all know the story of Dick Whittington's famous cat which was taken on a voyage to foreign lands and which made a fortune for poor Dick. Let us now make the acquaintance of Ginger of H M S Leith.

Ginger was only a kitten when he was first put on board the Leith at Chatham in August of last year, shortly before the ship set out for New Zealand to join the warships on the New Zealand station of the Royal Navy.

Missing!

All went well until the Leith was leaving Brisbane, in Australia, for Auckland. Word was passed round among the sailors that Ginger was missing. So the Leith sailed away to New Zealand, and nothing was heard of Ginger for six months, when Captain Bevir of the Leith received a message from Brisbane telling of the good news that Ginger had been located at last on the steamer Oorāma, voyaging up and down the eastern coast of Australia from Brisbane to Melbourne. He had made several voyages on his new ship.

When the Oorāma was paid off at Sydney the chief steward took Ginger home, and in May Ginger was placed on board a ship bound for Auckland, where the Leith was anchored.

So after an absence of six months Ginger rejoined his old ship. When the basket in which he was carried was opened in Captain Bevir's cabin Ginger surveyed his surroundings with a knowing air, and then settled himself in his favourite position on the top of the captain's desk.

KATE EVANS

First Girl Graduate of the British Empire

One of the best known women of New Zealand has died in her 79th year.

She was Mrs Kate Evans, who first came into public notice in 1877, when she was 21, as the first woman in the British Empire to take a B.A. degree.

Four years later she took her M.A. degree, and for eight years until her marriage to a Congregational minister she was the principal of the Girls College at Nelson.

In those days it was thought a new and wonderful thing for a young woman in New Zealand to have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of New Zealand. Now there are women graduating at universities all over the world, and no one wonders.

The world has progressed a long way since 1877, when Miss Kate Edger opened a bright page in the educational history of our Empire.

There was a time, unfortunately not so long ago, when the British public considered that girls did not need university education. Tennyson wrote in the middle of last century of "Sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair," and to a world which read his poems it all seemed amusing and impossible.

New Zealand is proud of having led the rest of the Empire in admitting women to equal rights with men students in its university; but the battle for equal educational advantages for women was not won without much effort. There was not even a high school for girls in the town of Auckland where Mr Edger brought up his family, but the headmaster of the Auckland Boys College and Grammar School permitted Miss Edger to read with the boys of his highest class.

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It banks!

It loops!

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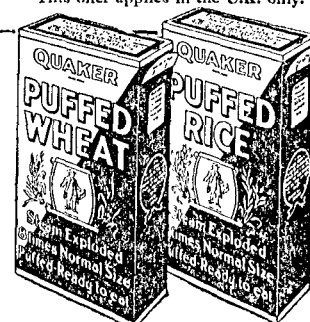
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P.89n

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For forty days 'twill rain again."

G.N.
48.

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Don't Miss This Exciting Story

THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

Serial Story

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Roger Greyson, leaning eagerly out of the carriage window as the train pulls up at the little station, is surprised that his father is not there to meet him.

And when at last he reaches the spot where his old home has stood for so many hundreds of years he is staggered to find that the house has disappeared.

CHAPTER 3

What To Do?

WHAT a homecoming!

Roger did not pinch himself to make sure that he was awake, because he *knew* he was awake. It was no dream. Here, just here, with its mullioned windows and its balustraded terrace overlooking the lawns, the house had been standing at Christmas. And here in the selfsame spot on the thirty-first of July there was nothing except lawns and turf churned to mud by the rains.

Then after a while he began to think.

Remembering that the Priory itself had held out, while all the wide acres surrounding it were being turned bit by bit into marshland, because the monks had built on a rocky formation, he asked himself whether that lower substratum of rock had not in some mysterious way yielded at last, engulfing the structure? But where was the evidence? He must think, he told himself; whatever he did he mustn't give way to panic.

Thinking brought Roger nothing for some little time; and then his father's servants flashed into his mind. Economy had reduced their number to two: Hagan, who had formerly served in the Army, and Hagan's wife. Hagan and Martha, that tight-lipped, sombre-voiced man, that bustling woman. Where were they? What had become of them? What did they know? Had they any hand in this mystery?

He began to feel hungry. But he stuck to his decision to stay where he was—at any rate until it grew dark or until he heard of or from his father; as that appeared the most sensible thing to do, to avoid the possibility of their missing one another.

Not that he confined himself to the one spot. By four o'clock he had been twice to the gate in the wall, had stared up and down the road, and had trailed back again. And then he began to explore the marshes themselves, following unfamiliar little tracks till they petered out into swamp, on the hopeless chance of finding some sort of a clue, and ever getting farther and farther away.

It was in such pursuit that, as twilight began to descend, he found himself coming out on the higher ground to the north-east from which he could see the river winding beneath him. And, poor as the light had grown, by straining his eyes he believed that he saw someone moving between the willows on the bank of the river.

Quickening his steps he went eagerly forward. Drawing nearer he saw that the figure was that of a man, who appeared to be stooping over something on the ground. Then the man straightened up, and from his lips broke a chanting to which the flow of the water seemed keeping time:

Oak logs will warm you well
If they're old and dry;
Larch logs of pinewood smell,
But the sparks will fly . . .

Roger had not caught every word (though he came to know all of them later). He ran forward, hailing the man, whose employment revealed itself as that of piling up billets of wood for a fire. He was holding one of these in his hand as Roger addressed him, a small alder log lopped close from the trunk with its bark and some moss still upon it which, after scrutinising, he tossed on one side before he turned his head to give Roger a look.

"Eh? And what was it you asked me, laddie?" he uttered.

Roger hardly knew. He had blurted out some words more from curiosity than anything else. "I was wondering," he replied, "what you wanted a fire for? And I was wondering whether you'd let me squat by when you light it?"

He was lonely. He badly wanted someone to talk to, and someone whom he could sound and in whom, seeing that his father had kept up with no friends in the neigh-

bourhood, he might presently be able, perhaps, to confide.

For, rightly or wrongly, Roger inclined to the course of saying as little as possible straight off about what had happened. The least said is soonest mended, the better, maybe. Therefore he did not unburden himself to this stranger, who, on his part, displayed no inquisitive interest in him. Instead of questioning what he was doing here, Roger heard the man begin chanting again, as he chose another small log to place on the rest:

Pear logs and apple logs,
They will scent your room;
Cherry logs across the dogs
Smell like flowers in bloom . . .

Roger exclaimed: "That's a queer song. It goes with the river."

The old fellow smiled at him. But was he so old? It might have been only the open air and all weathers that had caused the skin of his face to shrink like a walnut shell, had bowed his shoulders and graved the lines under his eyes. Yet whether or no those eyes had watched many long years pass could hardly have been judged, so clear and so clean they were, the colour of quiet, blue water, and singularly gentle.

His voice sounded gentle also when he replied.

"Aye, you've marked," he said, "how that stave of mine goes with the river, as is bound to be, for I chants it to the river's music. But it isn't my own. 'Tis a snatch of song old as the hill, laddie."

"It's jolly," said Roger.

"It's company," answered the man.

"Well, I'm company too," uttered Roger, returning his smile.

The gentle eyes looked him over, until presently, but only after some moments and while his gaze never lifted from its close scrutiny, the man remarked: "Well, that's as maybe."

"You don't want me," Roger exclaimed.

"Not so fast. I said: that's as it maybe," the man returned quietly.

He was wearing shabby gaiters and a plaid muffler, but his frieze coat engaged

Roger most—its width was enormous and its flapping skirts sustained such a number of pockets. From one of these the man drew a handful of fir-cones, and, nodding to Roger, he carried these off to his fire. "Kindling fit for his Majesty at Windsor," he uttered, as he spread the cones lightly round the base of the pile and interlaced them with a number of twigs. Then he fumbled once more, and out came a box of wooden matches, striking one of which he cupped it between his gnarled hands till its steady flame was ready to put to the twigs.

Then the staunch little logs lost no time in catching alight. They spluttered in their haste, they crackled robustly. Blue smoke rose like incense.

CHAPTER 4

In the Night

THE twilight faded, the night was approaching.

The man had moved from the fire. He had turned his back on it and was sitting on the edge of the bank now, gazing upon the dark water in a deep silence. Nor had Roger broken the silence, for the good reason that he was wondering how much to disclose when the questioning began, and also if the other were spending the night here? In that case, could he stay here as well? he was wondering. It was warm enough by this blaze. He felt terribly tired.

"Still there, are you, laddie? You're no hand at talking, I reckon."

The man had spoken abruptly over his shoulder.

"I was wondering if you're going to stay here all night?"

"That's so," said the man.

"And that's why you've lighted this fire! But what are you here for?"

"I am watching the river," the man said. He had not stirred, but remained with his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees.

"You're watching the river! For poachers?" Roger exclaimed.

"Nay, not for poachers. And I ain't no poacher myself, laddie."

"I never supposed you were!" said Roger at once.

His companion chuckled softly. "Who's to say, though," he answered, "that when so be I'm removing them gentry's night-lines there doesn't happen to be a fish going

begging! I'm what they calls the water-bailiff," he explained, still speaking over his shoulder, "and watching out for poachers is all in the job. And I keeps the willows in trim and the banks in repair, and I does a bit of fish-breeding myself. But this night I'm not watching for poachers. I'm watching the water."

"Yes, but why?" Roger demanded.

"Nay, that's telling," the bailiff replied, with a shake of his head. "And you don't appear a great hand at telling yourself, laddie!" He rose, and coming to the fire he stirred it with his toe while he stood over Roger. "They call me Zachary Redstar," he said. "Now, what's your name?"

"It's Greyson. Roger Greyson. Perhaps you know my father?"

"I've heard tell of him. I don't know him. You see, it isn't often I come so low down the river as this. It'll be a matter of months since I've worked near the marshes."

"Oh," Roger uttered lamely.

"Nay, I can't recall your father," the bailiff repeated. "Has he turned you out of hearth and home that you're wandering?"

The question reached so close! Roger said, "No, not that. But—er, do you mind if I spend the night by your fire?"

"As 'company'!" Zachary Redstar uttered mischievously. "Well, I'm not one to poke and pry into other folks business. You're welcome to stay, if you like; and you're welcome to supper, if so be you're hungry," he said, with another close look. At once from those capacious pockets came cold meat and bread.

"Though it's bacon for breakfast," smiled Zachary, revealing another packet. And, disposed against the bole of a tree, Roger saw a large pannikin, which when fetched and duly suspended over the logs soon filled the air with the steaming fragrance of coffee.

Afterwards Zachary replenished the fire and returned to his post on the bank, but Roger's eyes had a struggle to keep themselves open. The last thing of which he was conscious before dropping off to sleep was the impression of that gaunt figure watching the water, and of a song like a lullaby:

But ash logs, all smooth and grey,
Burn them green or old;
Burn all up that come your way,
They're worth their weight in gold.

Some time between night and morning Roger woke with a start and the sensation that someone was watching him. He propped himself on one elbow and called out to Zachary, who had returned to his former position upon the bank with his tireless eyes fixed on the water.

"Zachary!" Roger called out. "Is there anyone here?"

"Aye! I'm here," Zachary answered, turning his head.

"Is there anyone else? Has anyone been around?" Roger had risen to an upright position, and was listening intently. "Did you think you heard anyone, laddie?"

"No," said Roger. "But I'm sure there was someone about!"

"Yes, I reckon twould be only some poor poaching body."

"The poachers wouldn't risk coming with you about, surely!"

A curt mumble answered.

"Oh, are you certain you heard no one?" Roger persisted.

But this time there was no reply from the bank.

So he did see someone, thought Roger, ere he went off to sleep again.

And in the morning the impression remained. While they were eating their breakfast Roger felt more and more positive that some person, poacher or no, had crept up during the night to take a good look at him. And equally he felt positive that his companion knew, and was keeping his knowledge secret for some dark reason.

He wanted to tax the man, but was given no chance. For, after lopping an untidy branch off one of the trees and using it as a broom on the embers and ashes, the bailiff nodded abruptly and uttered: "I'll bid you good-day."

Roger suddenly let out a startled ejaculation. "There he goes!" he cried. "Can't you see him? Look! There by the alders!"

Lower down on the opposite bank of the river a figure was visible, slinking away through the mists.

"Look! Quick!" Roger shouted.

His companion, who was filling a pipe, did not turn. But, shrugging his shoulders, he murmured, "Nay, tis but some poacher."

"But you didn't even take a look," Roger protested.

The man shook his head, and smiled.

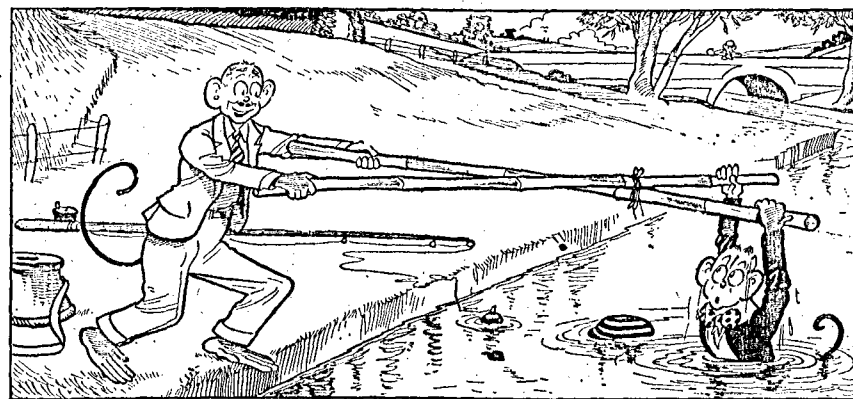
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO HANGS ON

ADOLPHUS didn't think much of fishing. "Nothing to do but stand still and hold a rod," he said scornfully one day.

"Hold a rod?" piped Jacko. "No jolly need for that. I catch fish as easy as winking without doing anything at all."

"Marvellous lad—as always!" drawled Adolphus.



Adolphus hauled him out

Jacko flared up. "All right, then," he retorted. "Come with me to Tutt's Meadow and I'll show you."

It happened to be Adolphus's half-holiday, and as he was doing nothing special he condescended to go with his young brother.

When they reached the river Jacko stuck two bamboo poles into the grassy bank. He tied them together crossways at the top and balanced his fishing-rod on them where they joined. The line dangled over in the water with a tempting bait on it.

"There you are!" cried Jacko, flopping lazily on the ground. "We've nothing to do now but wait."

They waited. So long, in fact, that Adolphus at last got bored.

"I'm off to fetch a newspaper," he grunted. "Perhaps things will get a move on while I'm away."

They did! He had only been gone five minutes when Jacko heard a sound.

"Coo! A catch!" he cried, springing up.

But it wasn't the fish that was caught.

In his haste Jacko tripped, and his legs got tangled with the bamboo poles.

Plop! There was a wild shriek as he swayed, overbalanced, and then shot into the water!

Luckily Adolphus came back just then. Seeing Jacko floundering in the river he grabbed the two poles and held them toward him. "Here! Quick!" he shouted. "Hang on to these!"

Jacko hung on—and with a mighty tug his brother hauled out a dripping little object.

"Some fish, eh?" grinned Adolphus, as Jacko shook himself on the bank. "Let's hope I land a bigger catch than a shrimp next time!" he teased.

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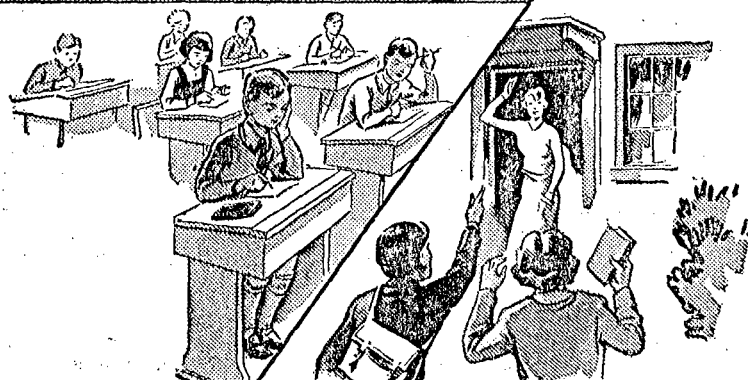
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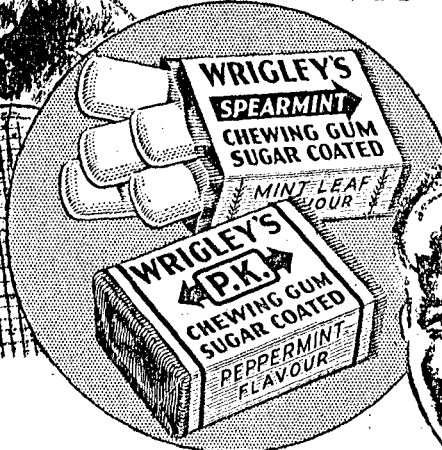
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July 13, 1935

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THE BRAN TUB

How Many Planes?

THEY were watching some planes flying in formation. There were two planes before a plane and two planes behind a plane, and a plane in the middle. How many planes were there?

Answer next week

Expensive

THE commercial traveller was being questioned about his expenses account.

"What is this big item?" he was asked.

"Oh, that is my hotel bill," he replied.

"Hm!" commented the managing director. "Don't buy any more hotels."

Stephens

HERE is a curious old alliterative acrostic which seems to have been written by a man named Stephens, as the initial letters of the lines suggest.

She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear:
Pleasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer,
Hushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony;
Earth's envy ends, enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need nine-fold nerve, nor nearly name
Soul-stirring Stephen's skill; sure seraphs sing the same.

Ici On Parle Français



La cascade Le nénuphar Le tonneau
waterfall water-lily water-butt

Tout le monde admire une cascade.
Le nénuphar croît dans un étang.
Ce tonneau reçoit l'eau de pluie.

Charade

MY first a small conjunction is.
My next is every grown-up male.

My third is how we all must end.
My whole's the fastest ship a-sail.

Answer next week

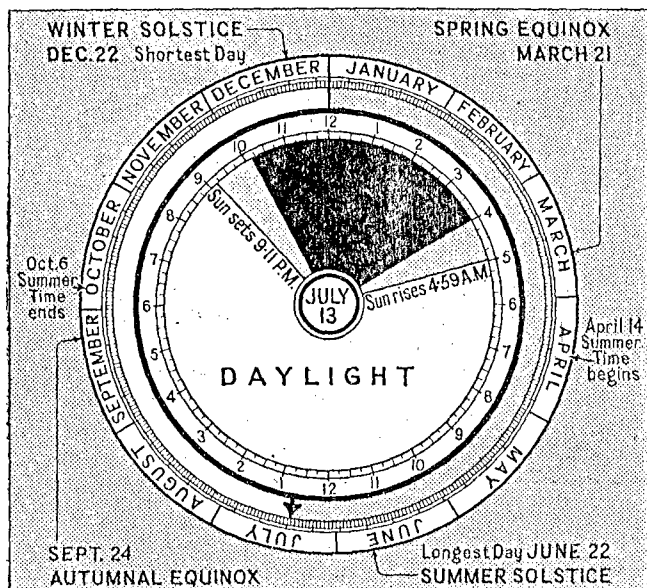
Easy Payment

HE had made a good recovery from a serious illness and was expressing his thanks to the doctor.

"However I can repay you for all you've done I cannot say."

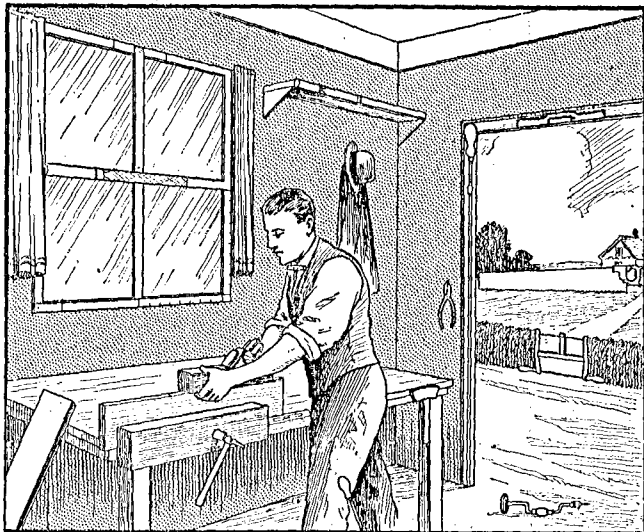
"I'm not particular," replied the doctor casually, "whether you pay by cash, postal order, or cheque."

The CN Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 13. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

How Many Can You See?

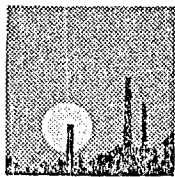


IN this picture of a carpenter in his workshop the artist has drawn a number of tools. One or two of them are plainly visible, but others have been hidden in unexpected places. How many of them can you find?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is in the West, Mars is in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, and Saturn is low in the South-East toward midnight. In the morning Mercury is low in the East and Saturn is in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on Tuesday, July 16.



A Riddle

I'M what you see before you now.
I'm black, but sometimes green or red.

I turn to pink if you just put
A vegetable on my head.
What am I?

Answer next week

Efficient

BILL: Can you tell me a good cure for sleepwalking?

Jack: Yes; scatter some tin-tacks on the bedroom floor before you retire.

A Tongue Twister

SEE how quickly you can repeat the following:

Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb.

Did Captain Crackskull crack a catchpoll's cockscomb?

If Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpoll's cockscomb

Where's the catchpoll's cockscomb?

Captain Crackskull cracked?

Mr, Mrs, and Miss

IN England rivers all are males;
For instance, Father Thames.
Whoever in Columbia sails
Finds them Ma'am'selles or Dames;
For there the gentler sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye;
And Mrs Sippi rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Sourie.

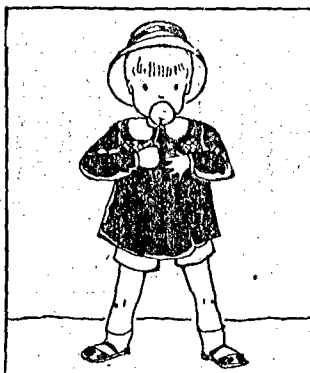
News

MR SMITH was reading his paper at breakfast-time.

"Anything new reported in the papers today?" asked Mrs Smith.

"No, just the same old things," was the reply; "but they are happening to different people."

Looking to the Future



WHEN Timothy has tuppence

He spends it straight away

On buying toffee-apples;

But he's hoping that one day

He'll need to buy no more,

For he's saved the pips, and these

Will grow into an orchard

Full of toffee-apple trees.

Nome's Name

THE famous gold town of Nome in Alaska is said to have been named by a curious mistake.

In early maps of Alaska one cape was left nameless, and an official to whom a draft map was submitted pencilled on the cape the query *Name?* When the rough map was copied a draughtsman transcribed the scrawled query as *Nome*.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Many Countries in One

Ecuador, Armenia, Austria, Sumatra, Canada, Russia, Rumania, France, India, Siam, Tasmania, Sudan.

Anagram Puzzle: Cricket, tennis.

What Am I? The letter S.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

C	O	R	E	W	A	R	M	S	R	O	P	E
L	A	R	O	O	D	A	I	R	O	A	A	A
E	R	O	S	R	O	U	N	D	A	I	D	S
W	P	E	S	T	L	G	E	M	S	E		
M	E	T	H	U	N	D	E	R	L	E		
M	A	N	N	A	G	A	I	D	E	A	L	
O	Z	O	R	A	L	K	I	N	E	S	E	
P	E	L	I	T	T	I	P	E	S	N	O	T

Tales Before Bedtime

The Little Green Crab

CELIA was having a lovely holiday at the seaside. She bathed and paddled, and dug sand-castles, and looked for fish in the little rock pools in the bay, and she thought it was the loveliest place in the world.

One day, when she was clambering about the rocks, she found a little green crab in a pool. She wanted to catch it, and ran off in great excitement for her bucket. The crab didn't want to be caught, and it took Celia quite a long time to get it into her bucket.

She ran to her mother.

"Look, Mummy!" she cried, "I've caught a real live crab. I'm going to take it back in my bucket and keep it. And then when we go home (really home, I mean) I'm going to take it to live with us."

"Poor little crab!" said Mummy, smiling; "I'm sure it would much rather be in the sea. I shouldn't take it away, Celia. Put it back in the pool when you've finished playing."

"No," said Celia obstinately. "It's quite happy. There's plenty of sea-water in my bucket. I'm going to keep it for a pet."

And when they went in for Celia's supper Celia carried her bucket carefully with the little crab in it, and put it on the window-sill in her bedroom.

During the night Celia awoke and heard a funny little scratching noise. What could it be?

"It sounds like finger-nails scratching," she thought, and went off to sleep again. But when she woke in the morning the scratching noise was still going on, though it was a little fainter.

"Whatever can it be?" said Celia.

She got up to see if she could find anything. But there seemed to be nothing, until she looked into her bucket; and there she saw the poor little green crab trying to crawl up the side of the bucket, which was quite dry, for all the water had leaked out of a little crack in it.

Celia dressed quickly; it made her ache inside when she thought of all the hours and hours the little crab's claws had been trying to climb out, and how terribly tired and thirsty it must be.

Then she ran into Mummy's room with her bucket, crying, "Oh, Mummy, the poor little crab's water has all run away and it's so unhappy. I'm going to run and put it back into the sea."

"That's right," said her mother; "crabs don't really like being kept as pets."

MR. H. B. CAMERON South Africa's Wicket Keeper



the Best Keeper-down of Hair

"My job is to brush the balls off not brush my hair back. So I always put a little Anzora on my hair before putting my gloves on. And it keeps the extras down because, besides being economical to buy, Anzora is economical in use. You'll save many a run to the mirror by using Anzora—for it's the one fixative that keeps the hair tidy all day."

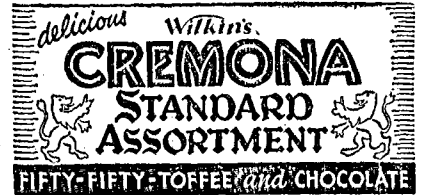
H.B. Cameron

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